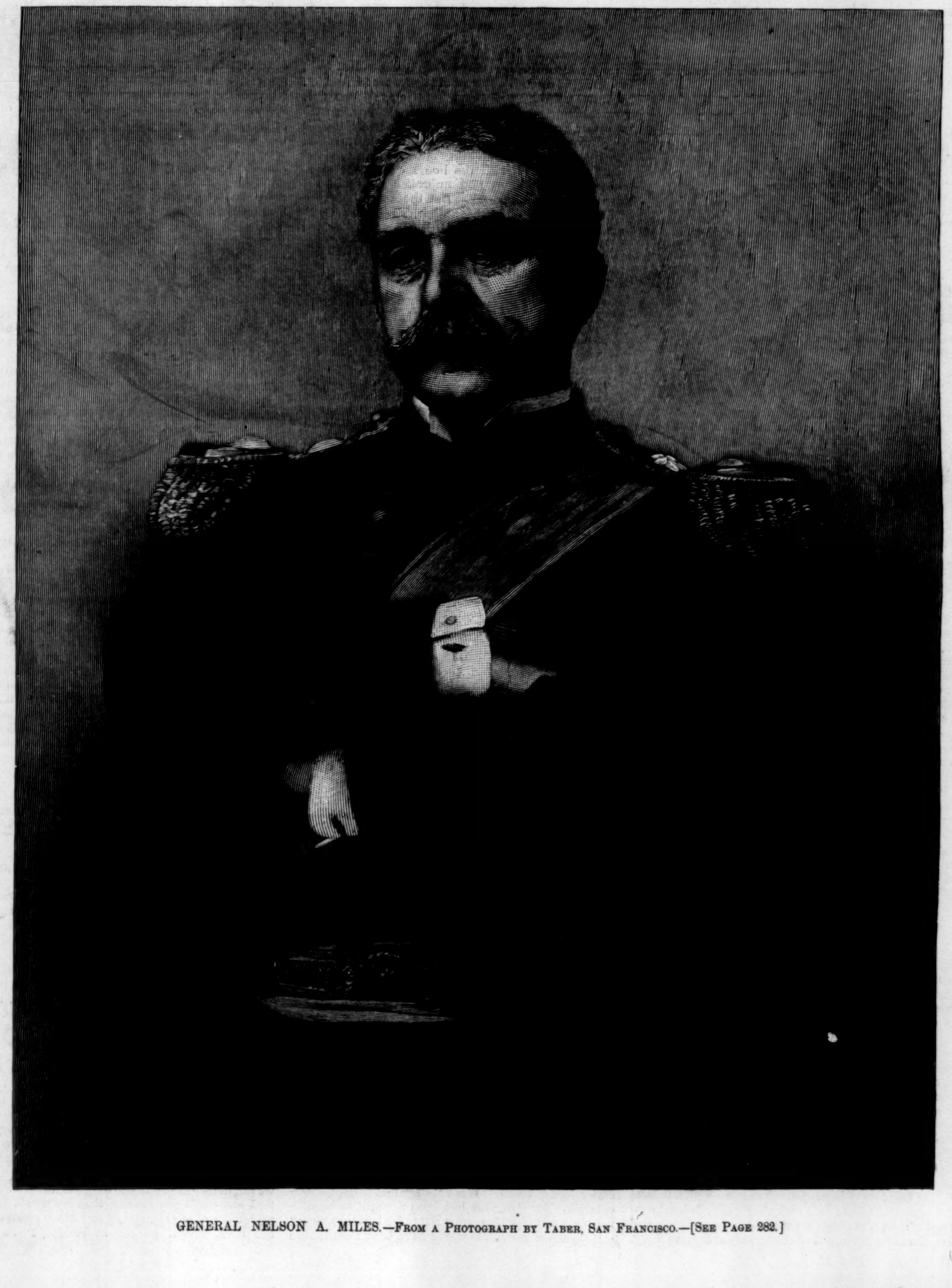
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXV.—No. 1791.
Copyright, 1891, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1891.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TABER, SAN FRANCISCO.—[SEE PAGE 282.]

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have Just Published:

I.

CHITTENDEN'S

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Recollections of President Lincoln and His Administration. By L. E. CHITTENDEN, his Register of the Treasury. With Portrait of President Lincoln. pp. viii, 470. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $2 50.

Mr. Chittenden, it is well known, was the Register of the United States Treasury during the period of the Civil War, and was on terms of intimate friendship with President Lincoln and many of the leading men connected with his administration. His opportunities of observing the momentous events of that time were unexcelled, and there are few persons living whose reminiscences would possess so many features of interest to so large a number of persons, or which would be so well worthy of preservation in permanent form.

II.

POPULAR EDITION

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S JOURNAL.

The Journal of Sir Walter Scott, 1825–1832. From the Original Manuscript at Abbotsford. *Popular Edition.* 1 vol., pp. 630. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

Who can reproduce the subtle charm and pathos of Scott's Journal? . . . It adds immensely to our knowledge of the man who was, not only in Scotland, but throughout the English-speaking world, the literary monarch of his day.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

☞ *Either of the above works will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.*

No. 1791.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

WITH COVER, AND SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING AN ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE ON GLIMPSES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE AUSTRALIAN CONFEDERATION.

THE confederation of the Australian states, of which the Constitution has just been adopted, is an event of the highest importance. It is practically the sudden appearance of a new member in the great family of political powers. It is a natural result of a system of large and flourishing colonies, and England is wiser now than she was a hundred years ago, when she sought to hold a continent in colonial subjection. The scheme of a huge confederation of all the British colonies, which was discussed a few years since, has not been found practicable. But the project showed the tendency of colonial thought, and the Australian confederation is the first significant issue. Virtually the confederation will be independent, but it retains a nominal connection with the mother country. There is no rupture, as there was in our case, and there will be no tradition of hostility. It is precisely the event which GOLDWIN SMITH, in his historical lectures at Oxford many years ago, wished might have occurred in America. The separation between a mother country and its distant colonies grown into independence should be only like the extension of the parent household into new and distinct families. Of such a natural development the Australian confederation is the most signal and interesting example.

The Australian colony was originally a penal settlement. But the charm and fertility of the country have drawn a large population from England, and there are now six different states upon the continent, besides the islands of New Zealand. The chief states are Victoria and New South Wales, and the total population is more than four millions of persons. The details of Australian products, industry, and commerce will be found in the Supplement to this issue of the WEEKLY. It is not surprising that the statesmen of the country should feel that it had come of age, and desire that its political institutions should conform to the actual situation. Among the statesmen of the country, Sir HENRY PARKES, Prime Minister of New South Wales, is the most eminent, and the new scheme of federation is chiefly due to him. The fundamental conditions are these: the retention by every state of its rights, powers, and special privileges, except as they may be modified by the agreement; freedom of inter-state commerce, with a federal foreign tariff; the army and navy under federal control. This, of course, is practical independence, and implies the withdrawal of the British army and navy. The organization of the federal government is modelled upon that of the United States, with one or two important differences. There will be a Chamber of Representatives elected by popular vote in districts, and a Senate of an equal number of members for each state. There will be also a federal ministry, responsible to the Legislature, and a federal Governor appointed by the British crown. This officer will be powerless. He will not appoint his own cabinet, which will be, as in England, substantially a committee of the Legislature. The Governor will be merely a sign of friendly relations with England. But the instant these relations should become unfriendly, the Governor could be quietly set aside, and replaced by an elected Governor. The actual power of the government is vested in the Legislature, which is elected by popular vote, of which the ministry, the real executive, is an agent. There will be also a federal court of appeal for all Australia. This authority has been exercised hitherto by a committee of the Privy Council appointed by the crown.

Such, in general, is the Australian confederation. It is a movement of the utmost importance in British annals, because it ends conclusively the anticipation of a world-encircling British Empire controlled from the British capital. It was always a proud emotion with which the Englishman read in his *Times* that yesterday despatches were sent from the Foreign Office to China, East India, the West Indies, the Gulf of Mexico, the Mediterranean, Canada, and Australia, "whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." But the Australian confederation ends only the authority, not the sentiment. The loyalty of the British heart to England will still circle the earth with the morning drum-beat, and all the more warmly that it will be a feeling unvexed by the jealousies of power.

PRESIDENTIAL SPECULATIONS.

THE letter to the *Tribune* from Washington, saying that Mr. BLAINE would not consent to be the Republican candidate next year, was followed by one in the *Times* from South Carolina, saying that the Farmers' Alliance, which controls South Carolina, would not accept Mr. CLEVELAND as the Democratic candidate. As the Farmers' Alliance is largely recruited from the Democratic party, this is an important statement, because the Democratic Convention must take the Alliance into account. But the Convention also must see that if the Alliance is strong enough to compel the abandonment of Mr. CLEVELAND, it is strong enough to defeat the Democratic party. The chance of Democratic success lies in the adoption of tariff reform as the platform and of Mr. CLEVELAND as the candidate. The Farmers' Alliance could be propitiated only by accepting its free-silver issue. If to propitiate it the Democrats should abandon Mr. CLEVELAND and adopt the free-silver policy, they would, of course, divide their party, and lose independent support. There is no doubt that Mr. CLEVELAND'S recent silver letter, although it seems to have imperilled the chance of his nomination, has greatly strengthened him with the intelligence of the country in all parties, and large as his independent vote has always been, it would be much larger in 1892.

The sentiment in the Republican party which is unfriendly to the tariff excesses of the party is very much more friendly to Mr. CLEVELAND than ever. This is due both to the fact that the last session of Congress showed that there was no hope of Republican amelioration of the tariff, and because Mr. CLEVELAND'S silver letter showed the honest courage of the man. The conviction which is general among the honest men of all parties is that corruption is the present peril of our politics. Such men see it in their own party, whether it be Republican or Democratic. They see that there is great party discontent. Republicans are troubled by the mercenary influence of the tariff upon politics. Democrats are alarmed by the wild silver schemes of their fellow-partisans. But all of them see in the swaying conflict of views and tendencies one strong upright public man whom they believe to be honest, and whether the story be true or not they believe it, that when a friend remonstrated with Mr. CLEVELAND for having written his silver letter as imperilling his prospects for the nomination, Mr. CLEVELAND answered, "My friend, I have said what I think, and the Presidency may go to" let us say, pot.

Mr. CLEVELAND is evidently the strong man for the Democratic nomination. The situation is such that there is no other strong candidate, because under the circumstances to abandon Mr. CLEVELAND is to say that he does not represent Democratic views and policy. But it is because he is supposed to represent them that public confidence has largely returned to his party. That belief made Republican defeat easier last autumn. If a vote against a Republican candidate for Congress had been thought to be ultimately a vote for Governor HILL, for instance, many a Republican candidate would have been elected who was defeated. No intelligent Democrat, it seems to us, can doubt that Mr. CLEVELAND would be the strong candidate. But nominations are not logical, and depend upon many things besides the general desire and expectation of a party. Indeed, the rule of important nominations is the selection of an available candidate, and available has a negative significance. It means less a representative leader than a candidate without a record. It takes account of the fact that votes are cast for every kind of petty reason, and assumes that a positive prominent public man has probably made a host of enemies by the very acts and words which have given him distinction. This, however, does not change the fact that the abandonment of Mr. CLEVELAND as the Democratic candidate would give the greatest possible satisfaction to the supporters of President HARRISON.

THE RETIREMENT OF SENATOR EDMUNDS.

THE resignation of Senator EDMUNDS is an event of great public importance. There is no man in public life more universally respected for character and ability, and his long experience has made his ability of the utmost service to the country. His inflexible integrity and thorough training in public affairs, his readiness in debate and familiarity with all questions, have made him one of the most conspicuous of Senators. His presence in the Senate, like that of Senators SHERMAN and HOAR, has given it the dignity and weight which spring from the highest personal and political honesty. The three Senators are all uncompromising partisans, but they are all men of the true Senatorial quality, and their disappearance from the Chamber would be a national loss.

To some degree, indeed, it must be said of Mr. EDMUNDS that he gave up to party what was meant for mankind. This has been due probably both to temperament and professional training. Reform movements within the Republican party for a long time instinctively turned to Mr. EDMUNDS as their leader and friend. He was one of the earliest supporters of a reformed civil service, and while not always accepting the methods of the Reform League, he desired the same result, and favored many of the same measures. In the National Republican Conventions of 1880 and 1884, especially in the latter year, he received a large vote for the Presidential nomination, which was the more significant as he was personally wholly indifferent, and rather smiled upon the hopes and efforts of his friends. But the vote showed the high confidence in him of earnest and progressive Republicans, and whatever divergence of view between him and them may have followed, their personal regard and confidence have been unchanged.

The retirement of a Senator of such integrity, grasp, experience, and simplicity of taste and character impoverishes public life. Undoubtedly, while party spirit has been fiercer at many other epochs in our annals than it is now, yet politics have never been more mercenary. Rich men, as such, have never taken a larger part in them, and money has never been considered so essential a condition of entrance upon a public career. Mr. TILDEN'S "bar'l" is a significant and sorry symbol. The withdrawal of Mr. EDMUNDS is the disappearance of a party leader whose counsels, although sometimes, as it has seemed to us, they yielded too much to inferior intelligence, were those of a wise and upright man. Were all his colleagues, whom he salutes in farewell, of the same quality with himself, the Senate would still deserve CHATHAM'S eulogy of the continental Congress.

OUR TREATY WITH ITALY.

OUR treaty with Italy provides that

> "the citizens of each of the high contracting parties shall receive in the states and territories of the other the most constant protection and security for their persons and property, and shall enjoy in this respect the same rights and privileges as are or shall be granted to the natives, on their submitting themselves to the conditions imposed on the natives."

This guarantee is both explicit and just. What powers make it? The United States and Italy. If the agreement is violated in the United States, Italy can look only to the government of the United States for reparation. No other authority appears in the treaty. If the United States say that the matter is in charge of the State of Louisiana, Italy may justly reply that she has no treaty with Louisiana, and can demand redress only from the United States. If the government of the United States replies that some of its own citizens have been massacred in Louisiana, and that it has no more redress than Italy, may not Italy reply that she will not question the competency of the United States to leave the protection of American citizens to that State, but that she has not done so nor been invited to do so? If we then remind her that the agreement was that Italians should have only the same rights and privileges that are granted to natives, might not Italy fairly reply that she could not be held to know by what domestic arrangements we might choose to enforce the guarantee of the treaty, that she could not assume that we would leave the protection of our citizens to any other authority than our own, and if we did so choose, there was no mention made of such authority in the treaty, which was concluded with the government of the United States alone?

It is not a question of the wisdom of our Constitution nor of national pride. As we are content with our Constitution, we are not concerned that it may not be approved by other powers. But if under that Constitution we enter into agreements with other powers, ought we not to guard against obvious misconceptions? If there be in our Constitution provisions essentially peculiar to our system which affect the protection of vital rights of foreigners, and which we cannot assume to be understood by other governments, is there anything undignified or humiliating, when we make a promise to another nation, in pointing out the unusual conditions upon which alone the promise can be fulfilled? It is not a reply to say that other powers must be presumed to understand the whole system of our government. We did not think it enough, when the *Alabama* escaped, to be told that Great Britain had complied with the requirements of her own local law. We said that if her local law could not prevent gross wrongs to a friendly nation, she ought to do something about it. If we promise Italy that her citizens shall have the same protection in this country with our own citizens, all trouble could be saved in one of two ways, either by stating in the treaty explicitly that the personal protection in the States which we guarantee is wholly within the control of the States, or, if we do not wish to do that, provide for such cases a trial in the United States courts.

It is true that in the pending case a United States jury empanelled in New Orleans would be composed of the same citizens as a jury of the State courts, and that when we engage that the foreigner "shall receive" the same protection as a native, we mean inquiry by a local court. But it is "we" who make the engagement, it is not made by the State which furnishes the court, and we ought therefore to remove all obscurity from the situation. If we are unwilling either to try the case in a United States court upon the spot, or to transfer the trial to another place, we ought to state clearly to the foreign government that the protection which we guarantee rests with the State, and that we cannot control the State, either in the foreigner's case or in that of our own citizens; so that if the State authorities, for any reason whatever, decide to take no legal action, the guarantee of our government is futile. We cannot, of course, determine the result of a legal investigation, but ought we not to be able to guarantee that there shall be a legal investigation?

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM IN THE NAVY-YARDS.

When the platform of the new Republican Club in Boston was published some weeks ago, we said that if it should be made the State platform it would be of great advantage to the party, and that it would be interesting to observe the party response. At the first dinner of the club the other evening, Secretary Tracy, in complete sympathy with the civil service reform declarations of the club's platform, declared his purpose to exclude politics from the labor system in the navy-yards. This is the first decided announcement on the part of the administration of a purpose to fulfil in their spirit the pledges of the national platform of 1888, and the tone of the Secretary is unmistakable. He says of the political system of navy-yard labor:

> "The practice is a source of demoralization to any party that attempts to use it, destructive to the government service, and debauching to national and local politics. It is an ulcer on the naval administrative system, and I propose to cut it out....The details of the system which I propose to adopt are now being prepared, and in a short time will be in full operation."

The Secretary then recounted the plan in detail. It is an extension and modification of the Boston reformed labor system, which has been tested by experience, and proved to be admirably efficient both in excluding politics from affairs in which they are only mischievous, and in securing effective labor. It is a system of registry of all applicants for unskilled labor, to be selected on the principle of "first come, first served," with preference for experience, for military and naval service, for men with families, and for superior physical qualifications; and a similar registry for skilled laborers, with testimony of experience, and appointment in order upon probation; and a selection of foremen of labor upon proper competitive examination, the examining boards to be composed of officers of the navy in charge of the work at the yards. The three cardinal points of this scheme are free and open competition, employment on grounds of merit, and absolute publicity of every detail. The Secretary added:

> "I do not propose to stop until the principle of efficiency and worth is the only test of navy-yard employment,....so that it will remove not only all machine politics from the navy-yard, but all suspicion of machine politics."

Secretary Tracy is not a man to talk buncombe on this subject, and he is entitled to the highest honor for this action. He has decided to reform one of the worst of spoils abuses, and he will be sustained by the cordial approval of the most intelligent and patriotic opinion in both parties. His speech announcing the adoption of the system is the most significant event in the progress of reform under the present administration. The Secretary's action after careful investigation is another proof of the practical value of reform to the public service, and of its support by the good sense of the country.

THE QUARTER-CENTENARY OF THE G.A.R.

The recent twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic was celebrated very generally throughout the country, and due honor was paid to its founder, Dr. B. F. Stephenson, of Springfield, Illinois. The association was a natural result of the war. The spirit of comradeship and a thousand patriotic, heroic, and friendly recollections led the men who had served the great cause in arms to unite to cherish its memories and to cultivate its patriotic spirit. This was a pleasant impulse, and the Cincinnati of the ranks became one of the largest and widely diffused societies in the country.

It was certain that efforts would be made to turn to political uses a body of voters so large and so befriended by patriotic gratitude. It was equally certain that the most important form of this effort would be that of members of Congress to buy for their party with public money, in the form of pensions, the support of this great society. Opposition to pension extravagance could be easily branded as the basest ingratitude to heroes and patriots, and a vile, mercenary attempt to measure in dollars the value of the glorious Union and of the self-sacrifice of her noblest sons.

There were few public men who cared resolutely to oppose what became, under the plea of patriotic gratitude, an assault upon the Treasury. Happily President Grant stated the fair limits of pension appropriations, and President Cleveland, by his firm vetoes, forced the reasonable consideration of the question upon the country. This is one of his claims to public respect and confidence. The profusion of the pension grants, however, would probably have been carried still further except for the result of the election of last autumn. Dissatisfaction with the reckless pension policy was well understood to be one of the causes of the Republican disaster. In the earlier autumn the assembly of the Grand Army showed a disposition not to sustain the sack of the Treasury, against which many of its most conspicuous leaders had earnestly protested. As a body it has not been made a political force, and its silver anniversary was made the occasion only of friendly reminiscence and patriotic eloquence.

WOMEN DELEGATES NOT WANTED.

The Methodist Conference at Yonkers has decided by the very emphatic vote of one hundred and eighty to sixty that women should not be admitted as delegates to the General Conference. The report of the debate does not show that the question was discussed or decided upon its merits. When it is said that it does not follow because a woman can sing bass that she ought to sing bass, it would seem to be a sufficient reply to suggest that if a bass were needed to complete a quartet it would be rather absurd to reject a bass voice because it was the voice of a woman.

The question of participation in a conference of any kind should be decided not by extraneous considerations, but by those that are directly applicable. In a church it would seem to be the natural course to select from its members who attend its services and support it the most intelligent and experienced persons as counsellors. If in the discussion of so grave and important a question somebody should say that termagant politicians and petticoat politicians were not wanted, the remark would hardly seem to show, upon the part of the person who made it, the good sense which an intelligent conference requires. Causes are often morally successful through the feebleness of the opposing arguments.

The decisive consideration in the debate seems to have been that there was a divine reason for the difference of sexes, and that participation in a conference was not included in the sphere of women. But how the male sex, as such, qualified those who belong to it as wise counsellors was not stated in any speech nor illustrated in the argument. There is always a better way of determining whether wood will float and stone sink than any argument based upon a theory. The better way is experiment. The counsel of women in schools is proved to be of very great value. The opinion of a man who thinks that the counsel was not meant to be taken is not an argument against the fact.

BARNUM.

The death of Mr. Barnum cannot be said to eclipse the gayety of nations, but he had the kindly regard of great multitudes for whom he has so long provided innocent recreation. Everybody remembers with a friendly smile that he was the inventor of Joice Heth, the mermaid, the woolly horse, the What is it? and the horse-with-his-head-where-his-tail-ought-to-be. He was also the manager of General Tom Thumb, and of innumerable other freaks of nature. But there have been showmen before him, and if that were all, he would have hardly earned the elaborate obituaries and biographies with which the daily press has teemed.

Mr. Barnum had very remarkable sagacity, self-reliance, and knowledge of American human nature. He looked at its tastes and character, from the point of view of a manager of amusements, with singular impartiality. He had the ability to see not only that the mermaid and Joice Heth would please a certain freak-museum taste, but that the great moral and intelligent American public would delight in Jenny Lind and in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. He was as sure of one as of the other, and he was right in both. But to make his perceptions available for profit, Barnum was a master of the modern art of advertising. He used moral reforms, and the Sunday-school, and the British nobility, and charities, and nominations for Congress, and every form of notoriety to advertise him and his entertainments. No ingenious detail of advertisement was unknown to him, and nobody better understood the economy of judicious profusion in expenditure.

His self-reliance was the gayety of conscious power. When he was financially ruined in 1856 he would accept no "benefits," but turned a letter offering them and signed by the leading citizens of New York into the most useful of advertisements. His blithe good-nature and his untiring energy continued into old age. He enjoyed his own successes and himself, as he enjoyed the enjoyment of others which he promoted. His death produced a general regret, for everybody was grateful to him for a pleasant hour.

PERSONAL.

In the history of our country we have only five instances of father and son being both members of the United States Senate. By a curious coincidence, in each of these cases one or both of them were graduates from Princeton University. The families who have thus held the honor for more than one generation are the Stocktons, Bayards, Frelinghuysens, Colquitts, and Camerons. The most prominent instance is that of the Stockton family, who have held the honor for four generations in direct descent from father to son. Richard Stockton (Princeton, class of 1747) was a member of the Constitutional Congress and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. His son, Richard Stockton (class of 1779), was a member of the Senate of the United States, as was also his grandson, Commodore Robert F. Stockton (class of 1813), and his great-grandson, John P. Stockton, now Attorney-General of New Jersey (class of 1843). James A. Bayard (Princeton, class of 1784) was a member of the Senate, as were also his sons, Richard H. Bayard (class of 1814) and James A. Bayard (class doubtful), and his grandson, Thomas F. Bayard, not a college graduate. Frederick Frelinghuysen (Princeton, 1770), his son, Theodore Frelinghuysen (Princeton, 1804), and his grandson, Frederick Frelinghuysen, have all three occupied seats in the Senate. Alfred H. Colquitt (Princeton, 1844) succeeded his father, Walter F. Colquitt (Princeton, 1819); and J. Donald Cameron (Princeton, 1852) fills the seat of his father, who was not a college man.

—Pittsburgh lost a citizen of sterling worth when John Harper died the other day. He had lived there for many years, and was prominently identified with leading business enterprises, the presidency of the Bank of Pittsburgh, with which institution he had been connected for nearly sixty years, being only one of the important places of trust which he filled. Mr. Harper was a man of strong character, and an able administrator of affairs. During all the financial storms of his time he was at his post, and he succeeded in carrying his bank safely through. He took a deep interest in the educational and charitable institutions of the city, and his influence for good was felt in many ways. He was possessed of fine literary tastes, and was an ardent student of history and a lover of the classics.

—Patriotism sometimes gets the better of cupidity in France, for Paulus, the singer, who introduced the "Boulanger March," has declined with scorn an offer of $6000 to warble in Berlin.

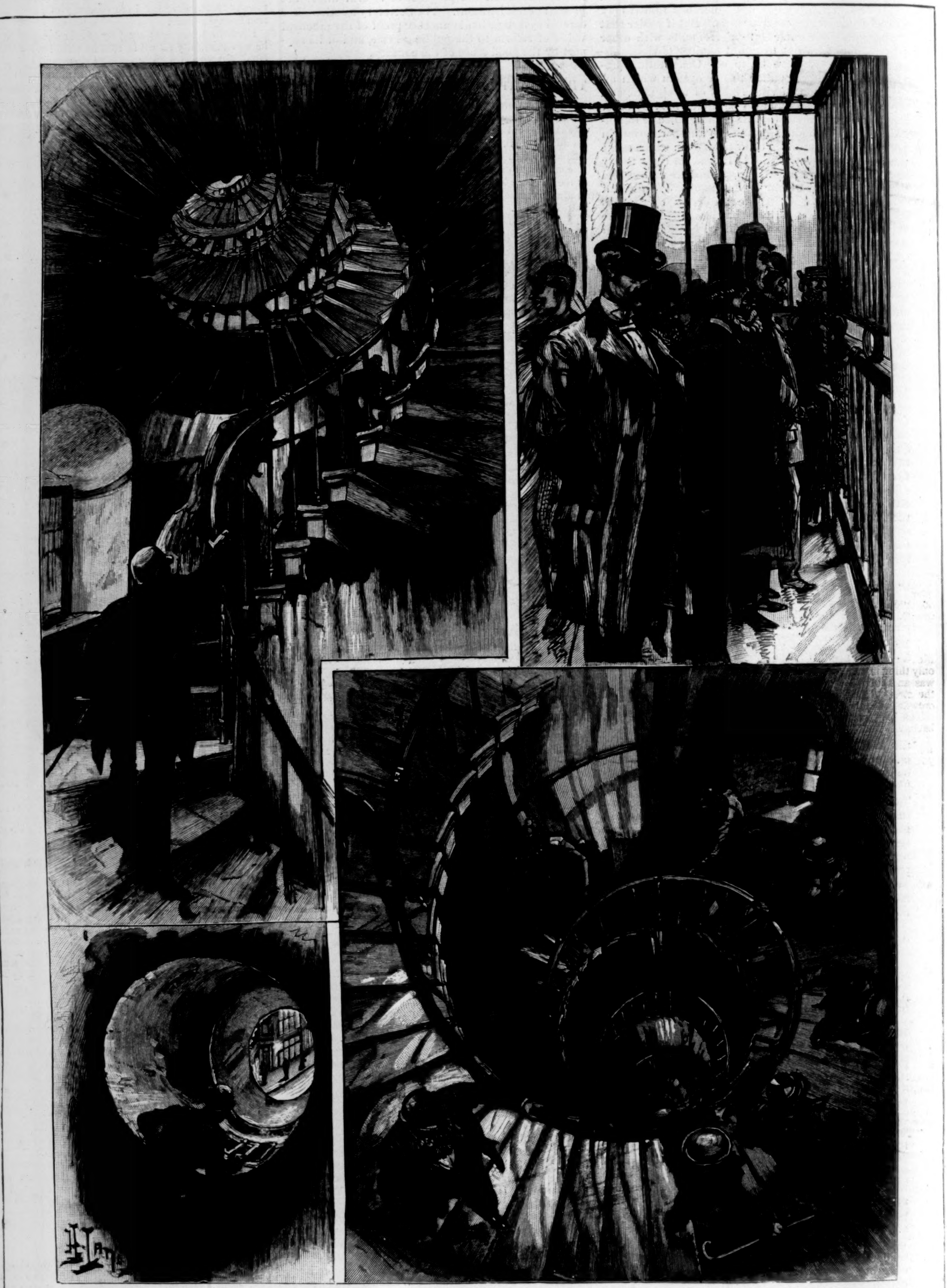
—The Century Club of this city, possibly in emulation of the Sunday afternoon concerts with which the St. Botolph Club of Boston entertains its members, is enjoying a series of Saturday evening lectures. Dr. William H. Thomson lectured last week on "The Pre-Islamic Arabs and Arabic Poetry," and Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff is to speak next Saturday evening on "The Renaissance of Italian Art."

—Alfred R. Waud, who died recently at Marietta, Georgia, where he had gone for his health, sketched stirring scenes at the front for Harper's Weekly during the late war, and was a personal friend of Grant, Sherman, and other leading generals. Mr. Waud was born in London, but came to this country when thirty years old, and was one of the early exhibitors at the National Academy. He was best known by his illustrations in black and white, a branch of art which he was one of the first in this country to pursue exclusively.

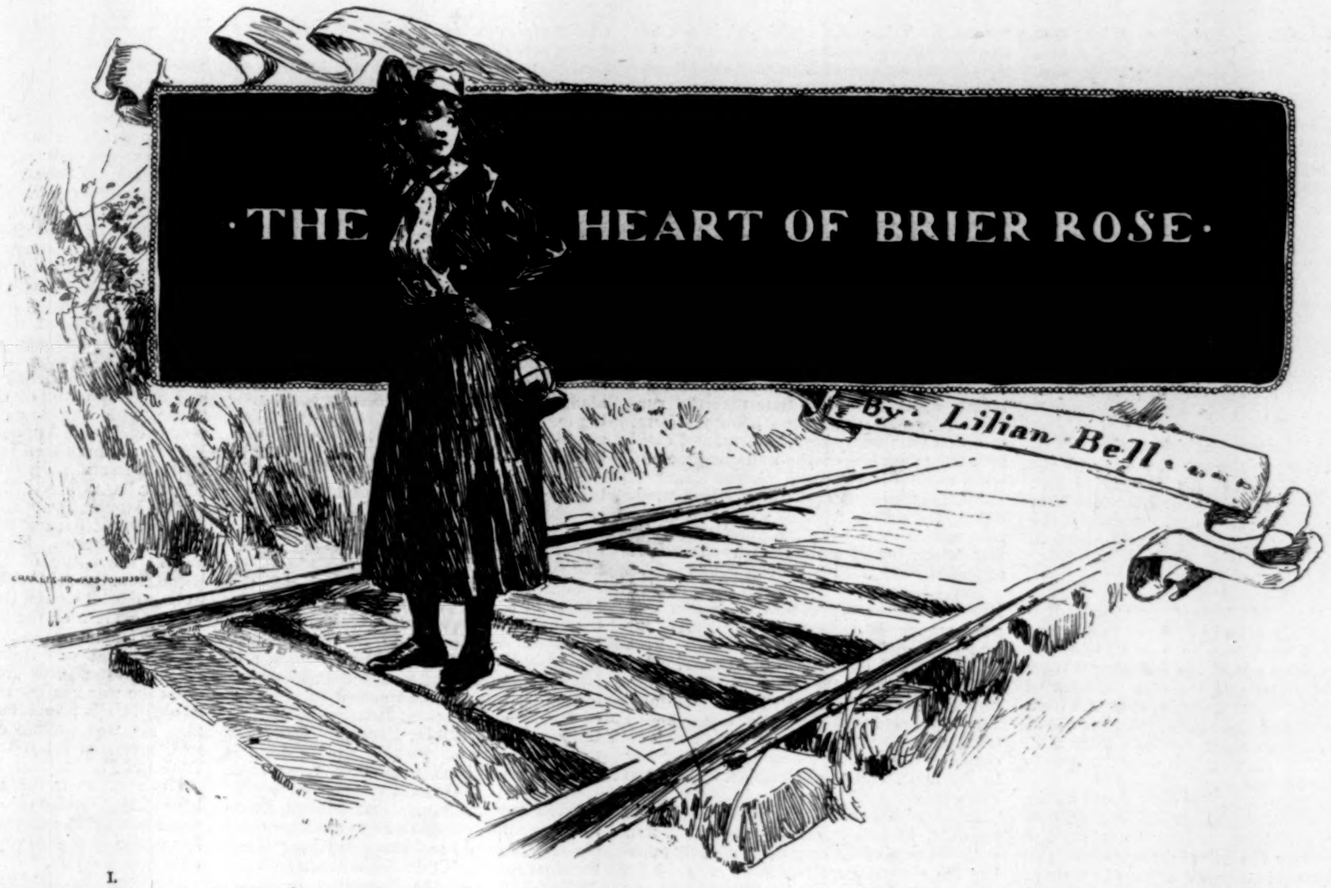
—Another member of the distinguished Prime family—the Rev. Dr. Edward D. G.—has ended a busy life. Some of the best of his work was done in association with his brother Dr. S. Irenæus, with whom for thirty-two years he shared the management of the New York *Observer*. After his brother's death he was obliged, owing to failing health, to give up the responsibilities of his position, and to seek rest. He was a man of striking personality, a strong preacher, and a vigorous writer. He had travelled extensively, and in 1872 he embodied the result of a journey around the world in a volume which was published by Harper & Brothers. Several other books came from his busy hand, all of them being received with great favor.

—H. W. Robbins, the artist, who belongs to the National Academy of Design, and has a picture "on the line" at the present exhibition, is gratifying a long-delayed ambition by taking a law course at Columbia College. He has succeeded in his profession, and has a family of grown-up children, but grapples with knotty legal problems with the zest of a young man who has yet to make his way.

—The dinner given Monday evening by the executive committee of the American Copyright League, to celebrate the passage of the international copyright bill by Congress, was presided over by Edmund Clarence Stedman, and attended by Comte Émile de Keratry, of France; Senator Platt, of Connecticut; Congressman Simonds, of Hartford, Connecticut; ex-Senator Chace, of Rhode Island; Congressman Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts; and others who have been prominent in pushing the measure to a successful termination. Comte de Keratry, who has won eminence with the sword and the pen in France, came to this country as the messenger of his government and various French literary societies, bringing a medal for Senator Platt and crosses of the Legion of Honor for Congressman Simonds and Robert Underwood Johnson, secretary of the American Copyright League.



THE INTERIOR OF "THE MONUMENT," WHICH COMMEMORATES THE GREAT FIRE IN LONDON.—[SEE PAGE 282.]



THE HEART OF BRIER ROSE

By Lilian Bell.

I.

THE Weeping Willow telegraph office faced the level prairie. Up and down before it, like shining ribbons, lay the railroad tracks, converging mysteriously until distance blended them into one. Back of it flared the wide main street, with stores and cottages indiscriminately mingled, which marks the disconsolate prairie town. Beyond, enclosed by a white picket fence, straggled the desolate graveyard. Some sorry-looking brutes, with down-hung heads and burrs in their tails, were hitched in front of the post-office. For the rest, there was the vastness and lonely boundlessness of the never-ending prairie. Mounted guard over this living finger-post, quivered the remote sky, with its unblinking Cyclops eye. It was a barren and a meagre settlement of families from other States, casting their lots together to make a scanty whole, and forecasting their dreary life's end by naming their village Weeping Willow. The only thing in plenty which nature supplied was room. There was an abundance of space. It was quite a walk to cross the street. Neighbors' houses stood aloof. Nobody was crowded, even in the graveyard.

The telegraph operator, satiated with landscape, leaned back, stretched himself prodigiously, yawned audibly, and collapsed in his chair, which creaked in vexed remonstrance. He tossed a remark over his shoulder. "So this is what you are yearnin' fur, Dave?"

Dave took his cane, and limping to the door, viewed the inertness in silence. Then he roused himself, and said, cheerfully: "A telegraph operator is all I'm good fur since I got hurt. Thankful enough I'll be if I get the Red Valley job. I'd like to be so near to you, Joe."

"Seems like the comp'ny might have done more for you when you got smashed up in their own accident. 'Twouldn't have hurt 'em none to keep you as conductor," grumbled his friend.

"How could a lame man be a conductor?" returned Dave, with his unfailing good-humor.

"A railroad company is a measly concern on the pay act," observed Joe, gloomily.

Suddenly the afternoon stillness was broken by excited voices and the sharp barking and yapping of dogs. Joe brought his feet to the floor in a hurry.

"I can't leave the machine, Dave. Go and see what the rumpus is about. I bet Brier Rose is up to somethin'. It takes that there girl to stir up the boys. No, Foxy," he said to his terrier, who was whirling around in an ecstasy of anticipation; "you stay here. If Brier Rose *is* at the bottom of it, a little feller like you might get lost in the shuffle."

Dave obediently limped up the street, where, in the midst of a crowd of rough men, stood a girl holding some little animal high above her head, while the dogs leaped and snapped around her. The men were laughing and keeping the dogs partly in check. The girl, with scarlet cheeks, begged and scolded and threatened them all, to their infinite amusement.

"Call off your dawg, Jim," she said, fiercely, to the owner of the largest, whose leaps sometimes almost reached the quivering little object in her hands.

"Throw down the beast, an' I will," he answered.

She turned her flashing eyes on him. "If that there dawg gives another jump, I'll pizen him before sunup," she said, slowly.

Jim made a lunge for the dog, and sat on him to keep him down, while the crowd hooted in derision of his obedience.

"What's all this?" cried Dave, coming up and pushing his way through their midst.

"Brier Rose is bein' held up!" cried a voice.

The crowd yelled with delight. The girl's whole face became white with rage as she singled out the speaker.

"You'll pay for that, Ben Miles, as you've paid before," she said.

Again they shouted at some recollection. Even Brier Rose condescended to laugh, angry as she was, and Ben subsided.

"Call off those brutes," cried Dave, rapping the nearest dog with his cane. "For shame, to tease a woman!"

"Look-a-hyer, stranger," said a young giant, menacingly. He towered above Dave, who stood his ground.

"I'm lame and no account in a fight," said Dave; "but half a man ain't goin' to see a woman tormented."

"Who in thunder—" began his threatener; but Ben Miles laid a hand on his arm.

"Hold on, Jim," he said; "that there's Dave Comstock, conductor of the smashed up No. 7."

"Not the feller that got hurt savin' the baby?"

"The same."

"Sho, stranger!" said the mollified Jim. "You're welcome to interfere. Give us yer hand. We wouldn't hurt her fur nothin'. Bless my stars! Brier Rose can take care of herself better'n most men."

"You see, it's seldom we git a chance to git even," explained Ben Miles, as the men closed around Dave to shake hands.

"Get even fur what?"

"Fur what? Lord, stranger, you must come from parts unknown. Fur everything! Ther' ain't a man in Weepin' Willer but what's been sassed by Brier Rose. Sassed? Lord! I should say so. But we wouldn't hurt her none. Stranger, lemme give you an *ad*-vise: don't you worry none about Brier Rose!"

Again the crowd laughed. The dogs were all held now, and the girl put her tired arms down. She looked curiously at the man, whose brave story she knew by heart, as she heard him defend her. To be sure, she had been defended before; there was hardly a man who would not have risked his life to save hers, but they teased her unmercifully when they got the chance. Dave's interference was on a new line. She did not quite understand it, but it appealed to her at once. She wrapped her apron around the little animal, and with a new sensation stirring at her heart, Brier Rose slipped away.

When Dave went back to the station to tell Joe, the latter roared with delight.

"Just like her! Edzackly like her!" he cried, slapping his leg so inhumanly that his lame friend winced for him.

"Who is Brier Rose?" he repeated, in answer to Dave's question. "You don't know much if you don't know old Bryan's daughter. She's the best-known girl from Horseshoe Gap to Powder Crik. Old Bryan's been engineer on the road ever since the track was laid. There's them that can remember his takin' the child with him on the engine when she was a little mite of a thing. All eyes she was then, as she is now. What wasn't eyes was temper. Same now, savin' that now she bosses the boys in addition to old Bryan. She can run an engine with the best of 'em. Bryan's taught her all the tricks, and he thinks the sun rises and sets for just her. Sharp as chain lightnin' is Brier Rose, an' prickly as a cactus. All the boys been touched in the head about her at one time or another, but she sasses the hull of 'em. It's my beliefs she'll wipe the earth with Ben Miles for that. 'Brier Rose is bein' held up.' He'll wisht he was dead before she gits through with him, you hear *me!*" And Joe's noisy mirth made the windows rattle.

"Strange she would defend a gopher, when she's so hard on the boys," observed Dave.

"That's just it! That's Brier Rose! She's got more tame pets; she's friendlier with every beast in Weepin' Willer than with any of the boys. She's just that curious. She 'ain't even got a head fur anybody but old Bryan—you notice I make no mention of heart concernin' Brier Rose; I don't keer to talk of what she 'ain't got—and just now she's specially bewitched about him. After keepin' straight for forty years, he's taken to drink. The girl know's he'll lose his job if the company gets wind of it, and she watches him like a hawk. Many's the time she's made his night run with him, for fear he'd lose his head. It's only at times he goes on a tear, and she knows the signs. Brier Rose is proud as Lucy Fire, and knows how to keep her mouth shut (which the same I can't say for most women; wisht I could); but we all know about it, and look out for her."

"What's Bryan's run?"

"Horseshoe to Powder Crik. She knows every inch of track and siding. And I wisht you could see her handle the critter. She knows all Bryan does, and she's a heap sight quicker calc'latin' than the old man. She can tell about how fast any train's goin' if it just runs by her, or if she's on it—either one. It's wuth while to see her oil and clean the machine. She goes over it spry as a kitten."

"She's handsome," said Dave, simply.

"Humph! Handsome is as handsome does," observed Joe, grumpily. "She is cold as ice and hard as a rock. It's my beliefs that she 'ain't got no heart same as other wimmin. And as to love? Whew! Stand off! There's a touch-me-not for you! And sassy? Lord!"

"*All* the boys been touched in the head about her, I believe you said?" remarked Dave, mischievously.

Joe hitched at his left suspender uncomfortably, and slowly reddened. "Nigh about, nigh about," he said, hastily.

Dave looked down the glistening tracks, which seemed to stretch imploringly into the future. "I hope I'll get the Red Valley job," he said, abruptly.

II.

In spite of what he had heard, or perhaps because of what he had heard—for who has language subtle enough to follow the intricate pathway of a human soul?—all things, even the melancholy town itself, grew rose-colored to Dave's sunny eyes. With his usual unfailing cheerfulness, he waited hopefully for news of his appointment at Red Valley, and hovered, as if fascinated, around engine Forty-four.

Neither the boys nor old Bryan were slow to notice this, the latter having accepted such attentions periodically from all the young men. It was so inevitable a proceeding that up to the time of the Middletons' dance they paid no attention to it. But that night something extraordinary occurred.

The next day, as Brier Rose rode down the street on her hardy Texas pony, the boys gathered around her eagerly, notwithstanding the fact that she had a stout little whip in her hand. They had something new and strange to tease her about.

"Brier Rose," called out Jim, as she drew rein, "*you* don't care nothin' about dancin', *do* you?"

"You'd ruther *set* all the evenin', wouldn't you now?"

"D' you like the name o' Dave, or do you reckon you'd ruther have Comstock?"

Rose looked from one to the other as the bottled-up taunts fell rapidly upon her ears, her cheeks and lips growing scarlet. For once her ready tongue failed her. Small need to ask them what they meant. Too well she knew. But was her subjugation apparent in such a trifle? And so soon? And Dave as yet had said nothing. Oh, shame! shame! Her eyes smouldered dangerously, yet with all her gathering fury there was an odd fluttering in her white throat and a cruel pain at her heart. Emboldened by her silence, they went further.

"What does *he* say about it?"

She thought she detected the mockery of the question, being all unaware of Dave's interest in the Forty-four. The shamed crimson leaped to her very temples and receded, leaving her face pitifully white. The boys must know that poor Brier Rose was ready to be plucked before she was sought, or they would not *dare* to speak of it. Her wounded pride now panted but for one thing—a way out. Probably *he* knew it too. Her mortification was unspeakable. She saw him coming down the street.

"Do you love him? Say, Brier Rose, do you love Dave?" cried the one farthest from her whip.

Her courage came back at Dave's approach, and the spell of her unwonted silence was broken. She laughed scornfully as she saw that he had heard the question and had involuntarily paused for her reply.

"Do I love him?" she cried, looking him fairly in the face. "I come nearer to hatin' him!"

She turned her horse sharply, and the blows the boys had expected fell on her fiery little Texan. He craned his neck and went up the street on a dead run; but fast as Rose flew, the grieved look in Dave Comstock's blue eyes kept pace with her.

That night Joe fidgeted around, unable to decide whether or not he should speak to Dave about the occurrence of the afternoon. Dave's genial smile and cheery hopefulness were gone. He sat with his face buried in his folded arms.

Joe drove his hands deep into his pockets, and strode up and down the room stormily. Finally he burst out with: "Dave, don't mind it, old feller. I told you she hadn't a heart for a man; she wastes it all on dumb brutes. She ain't worth grievin' after. I'm sorry you ever saw her. You're not? Well, of course, if you feel that-a-way, I've nothin' more to say. Only Dave, my boy, you're too good for her."

"No, no, Joe; don't say that. We're none of us good enough for a woman when it comes to that. I don't blame her. Of course I'm lame, and you can't expect a woman to love a lame man when there are so many others, can you, Joe?"

Joe coughed noisily, and said nothing. Dave looked down at his poor maimed foot.

"Joe, do you know that little baby I saved from the wreck had brown eyes like Brier Rose? I remember the baby smiled when I held it out to the men. You know my foot was caught, and I couldn't move. I've never seen Brier Rose smile at me that way. If I had saved *her*, perhaps she would. Do you think so, Joe?"

At home Rose was thinking of the story of Dave's bravery in the wrecked train, of the lives he had saved, of his defence of her. And to-day, in return, she had mocked him. Ay, if the look he gave her spoke truly, she had cut him to the heart. Tears—tears in the eyes of Brier Rose!

III.

The position of telegraph operator at Red Valley was given to Dave Comstock. The afternoon freight, heavily loaded, had just pulled clumsily out of the Weeping Willow station, with Dave on the rear platform of the way car. Joe waved his hat to him from the window, and Brier Rose, from the cab of the Forty-four, looked wistfully after him, and shook her shining hair over her eyes to hide their dimness.

The Forty-four, having come down on the rear of the freight as second engine, now stood on the siding, waiting to go back to Horseshoe for the midnight express. Old Bryan was up in a crowd of men in front of the post-office. Brier Rose watched him anxiously. As long as he kept away from the Owl she felt easy. He knew she was watching him. He also knew that she would not hesitate to come after him if the Owl proved too strong an attraction. Therefore he kept away.

Joe stood in the doorway, and admired Brier Rose against his will. He still was sore at heart over his friend, and fear of getting the worst of it alone prevented him from giving that girl a piece of his mind.

She trod fearlessly along the side of the boiler, rubbing the hand-rail with a black oil-sodden cloth. She touched the engine as if she loved it. Every part of it shone like the sun. Her long, painted oil-can had done its work. Every valve worked with precision. Each screw was secure. Joe laughed to see her fling a shovelful of coal into the furnace like a born fireman.

His own machine called his attention from the Forty-four. Then Rose heard him cry out, and, springing down, she rushed into the station.

"A runaway engine coming this way!" he said, hoarsely. "Spite work of a discharged engineer. No one on her—going twenty-five miles an hour—a single track—Dave's train only going fifteen—the Forty-four and that ore car on the only siding between here and Red Valley. My God!"

"Where is it?" cried Brier Rose.

"It broke away from Horseshoe Gap. Message is from Prairie City. It's already passed Prairie City, headed straight for here. It's bound to catch Dave before his train gets to Red Valley."

Rose turned white to her very lips. She covered her face with her brown hands. Only for a moment, though. Then she flung back her head, and looked Joe full in the face.

"I can save him!" she cried. She sprang for her engine and climbed into the cab.

"Rose! Rose!" roared Joe, in dismay.

Rose turned her white face toward him imploringly. "Be at the switch, Joe, and listen for my signals, as you value Dave's life!" she cried. Then she pulled the throttle-valve out to its full extent. The engine shivered all over; and, at fifty-two miles an hour, the Forty-four, driven by Brier Rose, leaped down the track to meet the runaway.

IV.

There was not a moment to lose. A certain number of miles, lessening every moment, lay between the lumbering freight with Dave on board, and the cruel, senseless, runaway engine. Between them was Brier Rose, with just a chance of safety.

Feverishly she examined the familiar machinery. Eagerly she scanned the track for signs of the runaway. She knew that a loosened rail or any obstruction would hurl her to her doom, and still not avert disaster from Dave. The whistle of the Forty-four shrilled out an unearthly screech continually, to warn even the birds from fluttering too near the messenger of life. The prairie-dogs scuttled into their holes in fear. The telegraph wires intoned. The bending sky took on a new meaning to her. The engine rocked from side to side at the dizzy rate of speed. For the first time the odor of hot oil made Rose feel faint. She hung half out of the cab window, panting for breath, and her hands clinging crazily to the window for support.

Suddenly she saw smoke in the distance. Larger and larger grew the black speck on the track. Faster and faster flew the Forty-four to meet it. Nearer and nearer came the runaway. When she could plainly see the shape of the approaching engine, she closed the throttle with a rush that made the Forty-four tremble. She reversed her engine, and, at little less than twenty-five miles an hour, began running away from the runaway.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, it gained on her brave engine. A horrible fear took possession of her that it was too slowly, and that they both would reach Dave's train before she stopped the runaway. She changed the speed, and let the engine gain on her faster.

"I can signal for the siding if I fail," thought Brier Rose. "Joe will obey my signal." But she shuddered.

Mile after mile they traversed in the direction of Weeping Willow and Red Valley.

In sight of Weeping Willow at last. The Forty-four whistled frantically. Rose signalled for a clear track, and only a train length apart the Forty-four and the runaway flew past the little station platform, crowded with every man, woman, and child in town, who cheered the flying engine and white-faced girl like mad.

Joe understood her plan now. He bounded into the station, frenzied with excitement, telegraphed to Red Valley what Brier Rose was doing; then, from sheer nervousness, he squeezed Foxy until he yelped wildly.

Out of sight of Weeping Willow, and Dave's train in the distance. Nearer and nearer came the runaway. The Forty-four snorted in defiance of being caught. Rose braced herself for the shock. Crash! came the cow-catcher of the runaway into the unprotected rear of the gallant Forty-four. They separated with the shock, and bounded together again; but this time Rose had loosened her hold, and the concussion flung her to the floor, with her soft cheek against the cab seat.

Faint with her fall, she gathered herself together, and shut off the steam. Then, with the nose of the runaway viciously pushing the Forty-four, Brier Rose crept like a cat over the tender, down over the trembling engine, and on her hands and knees she crawled over to the runaway, up along the boiler side, into the cab, and crashed the throttle shut when the Forty-four was within a car's length of Dave's train. She had only strength enough to get her hand on the whistle, hear its shrill call, when, woman-like, she fainted.

V.

When she came to herself she was in the Red Valley station. Dave was bending over her, and calling her name with trembling lips. She opened her eyes, and smiled into his face.

"Oh, Brier Rose, how could you do it?" he whispered, with a shudder.

"I did it for you, David—for you."

WHERE TO GO A-FISHING.

BY WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

It is difficult to make the uninitiated understand why people should have this craze, as they call trout-fishing. It seems to them absurd that grown-up men should be willing to leave their comfortable homes and dainty fare for the fried pork and uncomfortable beds at some out-of-the-way farm-house or country tavern—when for a few dollars they could purchase more trout twice over than they usually fetch home—not knowing that many find relief in getting away from the bricks and mortar and everlasting din and confusion of city life, or that a change from rich fare to the plain country table is both healthy and agreeable, to say nothing of the advantages of early rising and hard work in the open air all day, followed by a long good night's sleep.

If the angler is an old hand at the business he will often follow Uncle Thad Norris's example, and enjoy a hearty lunch of trout roasted in the ashes—a way of cooking which imparts so delicate a flavor to those delicious fish that it spoils one for any other method. None but those who have tried it know how delightful these noonday rests are, particularly after a successful morning's fishing. When the substantial lunch is finished, the tired angler, stretched out on the soft grass, enjoys his fragrant pipe with renewed zest, while the songs of many birds make him feel at peace with all the world; and then the pleasant tramp home in the gloaming, when all is silent but the ever-running stream and the mournful whippoorwill. What if one's arm is a bit tired from casting, the recollection of that fight with the sixteen-inch trout that now safely reposes in his creel, *on top* of the small ones, is a sufficient reward for all such trifling discomforts.

The earliest trout-fishing is to be had on Long Island; here the air is tempered by the close proximity of the great Atlantic Ocean, and even as early as the 1st of April the trout are well fed and in fine condition, while in the inland streams they have hardly recovered from their long fast.

Unfortunately for most people who would like to try the early fishing, the best waters on Long Island are preserved; the few that are still public are overcrowded and overfished. The only ones worth visiting are as follows: Smithtown and Glencove on the north side, and Merrick, Bellmore, and Massepequa on the south side. To fish in the last pond it is necessary to obtain a permit from the Brooklyn Water-works. There are also, I believe, a few streams near Patchogue. But as soon as the snow water has run out of the mountain brooks, the angler has his choice of hundreds of miles of good water within easy distance, open to all who choose to visit them; but if he will take my advice, he will wait until the apple blossoms are out before he starts, and he will find that he is plenty early even then. It is now considered bad form to bring in a basket of fingerlings, and the State laws forbid the killing of trout less than six inches in length. Size and not numbers is what good anglers strive for.

The Fish Commissioners of the different States have restocked many of the old fished-out streams, and some of the railroad companies, notably the Ontario and Western, have turned out thousands of fry, and even built special cars for their transportation. In doing this they have pursued a wise policy, for the money paid to them by the thousands of anglers who visit the various waters along the line of these roads amounts to a big item. A great many tanneries are being abandoned, and the State laws prohibiting the saw-mills from running their sawdust in the streams, and pickle factories from allowing the acid to poison the waters are being enforced as far as possible. All these things combined have helped the trout-fishing, and to-day it is better in most streams than it was five years ago.

For the benefit of the novice, I give the names of a few good trout streams within reasonable distance of New York city: Bushkill, about twelve miles from Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania (stop at the Peters House, and Harry Peters will put you in the way of getting good fishing); east and west branches of Brodhead's Creek at Henryville, Monroe County, Pennsylvania; Paradise Creek, near the same station. Further up the road is Canadensis, and, in fact, at every station from Henryville to Tobyhanna there is more or less fair trout-fishing. Near Milford, Pennsylvania, and Dingman's Ferry are some trout streams, but I do not know anything about them personally. The classic Beaverkill, the Willewemoc, and the Neversink have improved in the last few years, and now afford many miles of delightful fly-fishing. The east and west branches of the Delaware River and their tributaries are said to afford good fishing, and the Mongaup, beyond Port Jervis, is also well spoken of. Near Williamsport, Pennsylvania, are many famous trout streams worth visiting, such as the Loyal Sock, Sinnemahoning, Kettle Creek, Young Woman's Creek, Lycoming River, Pleasant Stream, Rock Run, and many others. The Shehola, a noted stream in Pike County, Pennsylvania, is now owned by the Blooming Grove Park Association. Nearer by there are a few small brooks along the line of the Harlem Railroad; and in the Bronx, once a magnificent trout stream, there are still a few fish. In Dutchess County, New York, some very nice trout can be caught early in the season, and near Dover Plains, New Jersey, I am told, there is some fair fishing.

I presume this article would not be considered complete without a list of flies. All writers on trout-fishing put that in, even if they have to copy it out of some old catalogue. I can assure the reader that the following selection is a good one; that is, if thirty years' experience counts for anything. Alder, Abbey, brown hen, black gnat, cow dung, coachman, Cahill (sometimes called Van Patten), golden spinner, Imbrie, great dun, grizzly king, professor, queen of the water, General Hooker, bright fox, shoemaker, dark coachman, ginger palmer, and the various colored hackles and palmers. These flies should be dressed on No. 10 or 12 sproat, with perhaps a few No. 8 for early fishing or high water. Late in the season, at night, a good-size white miller or yellow May-fly will kill large trout; for, be it known, these big fellows are sly and have had much experience; they do not leave their hiding-places until they think the angler is snugly housed and smoking his pipe before the open fire; then they roam around the shallows and ripples in search of some unlucky minnow or fluttering moth. This fishing after dark is quite exciting, but the angler must know the stream well, and use but one fly on a stout leader; for if once tangled, the case is hopeless. It is best to select some large pool, with plenty of room for a back cast, and do not disturb it until you see or hear the fish rising. They take the fly boldly at night, and often with a splash that will make your fingers tingle. It is a delightful lonely business; and if you do not mind the bats which sometimes get hooked, or the inquisitive "who-who-hoot!" of the great horned owl, or, as it once happened to the writer, to be stared out of countenance by a wild-cat, it is great sport; for the trout are always large; they take hold boldly, and fight to the bitter end. I only wish to advise one thing: do not try to take them all; be content with half a dozen twelve to seventeen inch trout, and leave some for the next man.

MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

Major-General Nelson A. Miles, the present commander of the Division of the Missouri, is a native of Massachusetts, and was born at Westminster, in that State, August 8, 1839. His ancestors were among our earlier settlers and explorers, and among the patriots who struggled for the freedom of our country in the Revolutionary war, and later in that of 1812. He received an academic education, and in the early part of his life was engaged in mercantile pursuits in Boston. He inherited the spirit of a soldier, and at the first tap of the drum in 1861 he hastened to raise a company of volunteers, devoting his own means to that end, and offered his services to his State. How well he performed his duty, and how worthy of advancement, his record shows.

He entered the service at the age of twenty-one, and served from the beginning of the rebellion until its close in the volunteer service, rising from the rank of a subaltern to that of Major-General. He received four brevets for gallantry and distinguished service, and took part in many hard-fought battles of the war. He commanded the largest division of the Army of the Potomac, and at one time, at the age of twenty-six, was in command of twenty-five thousand men. He was engaged in the battles of the Peninsula before Richmond, and at Antietam, and in every battle of the Army of the Potomac, with one exception, until the surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court House. He was distinguished in the battles of Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Old Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, Ream's Station, Richmond, campaigns of '64, and many other important battles of the war. He was thrice wounded, and at the battle of Chancellorsville was borne from the field with what was supposed to be a mortal wound through the body.

At the close of the war he was commissioned Colonel of the Fortieth United States Infantry, and was shortly afterward transferred to the Fifth Infantry. His service since the war has been scarcely less distinguished. His promotion has been very rapid. He was promoted Brigadier-General in the regular establishment in December, 1880, and Major-General in April, 1890.

His services in the Indian country have been of inestimable value to the country, and the remarkable success of his campaigns has probably been unequalled in the history of Indian warfare.

His command has been varied, and has extended over a great expanse of country. He has done much to open up for civilization vast sections of the great West, and has the confidence of the settler and the Indian alike, for both respect his honesty and sincerity of purpose as well as admire his firmness and bravery.

He defeated the Cheyennes, Kiowas, and Comanches in the Staked Plains country, and in 1875 and 1876 he subjugated the hostile Sioux and other Indians in Montana, driving Sitting-Bull across the frontier, and breaking up the bands that were led by him, Crazy-Horse, Lame-Deer, Spotted-Eagle, Broad-Trail, Hump, and others. In December, 1877, after one of the most remarkable forced marches, over a distance of 160 miles, he captured Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Percés, after a hard-fought battle of four days, in northern Montana, and when he had nearly reached the British line, after having eluded all other troops that had pursued him from the Pacific coast. In 1878 he intercepted and captured Elk-Horn and his band of red-handed murderers on the edge of the Yellowstone Park. In 1886 he accomplished what seemed a wellnigh impossible task, of running down and bringing in Geronimo and Natchez, and the band of Apaches that had made the entire Southwest uninhabitable, thus restoring peace and prosperity to Arizona, northern Mexico, and New Mexico. For his services up to this time he received the thanks of the Legislatures of Kansas, Montana, New Mexico, and Arizona, and was presented with a sword of honor at Tucson in 1887. But his last great service was the settling of the recent Indian troubles in South Dakota, and saving the country from the bloodiest Indian war that it has ever known. By great tact and firmness, his thorough knowledge of the Indian character, and so disposing his troops as to effectually shut them off from the settlements, and cutting off their supplies and escape, he forced several thousand of the most warlike Indians to return to their reservation and surrender, thoroughly protecting the settlers, and saving a large amount of property.

General Miles is now the third general officer in rank in the regular army, is still a young man, and in the full strength and vigor of manhood.

THE MONUMENT.

There be many monuments in London, but only one is *the* Monument. It stands in an awkward situation half-way up a slope, and though it looks best from below, there is, strictly speaking, no very good view of it. As everybody knows, it was erected to commemorate the fire of 1666—"in perpetual remembrance of that most dreadful burning of this Protestant city, begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the Popish faction," as the old inscription (now removed) put it. An act of Parliament was obtained for the purpose of appropriating funds, and the design was intrusted to Sir Christopher Wren. His capacity for taking pains was well illustrated in the drawings he produced. Some of them were engraved, and are well known; but the design completed was plainer than was at first intended. Wren had a peculiar fancy for the Tuscan Doric, as it is called, though it has little except its plainness in common with the Greek Doric. He used it with great effect at Greenwich, and in some of his best churches.

At first he intended to make the Monument a plain column, dotted at intervals with bronze flames, gilt; but finally a simple, well-proportioned fluted pillar, in his favorite style, was the architect's matured selection. Two questions remained to be settled. One related to the base, one to the top. A statue of Charles II. was proposed. But the King did not concur. We can easily believe that a monument to commemorate the abominable treachery of those who were, though secretly, his co-religionists, was not much to his taste, and he had no wish to figure at the top. His politeness, and other reasons, made him conceal his feelings from Wren, who wrote that the King, not that he disliked a statue, yet "was pleased to think a large ball of metal, gilt, would be more agreeable." A phœnix was suggested as emblematic of the city rising from the flames of 1666, but Wren, though he made a carefully finished drawing of the fabulous Egyptian Bennoo, was afraid that it would be dangerous, "by reason of the sail the spread wings will carry in the wind." So the phœnix was given up, and at last the column was surmounted with a vase from which flames rise, as we see it now. "We mounted up to the top," says Dudley North, "and, one after another, crept up to the hollow iron frame that carries the copper head and flames above. I cannot describe how hard it was to persuade ourselves we stood safe; so likely did our weight seem to throw down the whole fabric."

Every one who has ascended the Monument has experienced the same feeling, which is enhanced probably by the sloping site. It seems a pity that a better situation could not have been found; but it is a curious fact, which many people have observed, that some of the most remarkable buildings in the world are similarly placed. The great Pyramid of Egypt and Stonehenge may be cited as examples. But the Monument was placed in the main thoroughfare which led down to old London Bridge, and its 202 feet were said to be the exact distance from its base to the baker's oven in Pudding Lane where the Great Fire originated.

With regard to the decoration of the plinth there was also much debate. At last the relief we see still was adopted. King Charles, with a British lion of benign aspect, superintends the rebuilding of London, hodmen and bricklayers engaged in architectural labors filling up the background. The inscription has disappeared. It was removed under James II., replaced under William III., and finally obliterated by an act of Common Council in 1831. So "London's column" no longer, in the words of Pope, to whom, as a Londoner and a Romanist, the inscription was especially offensive, "lifts its head, and lies."

The new London Bridge and the new approach to it left the Monument for a time in comparative retirement. But the Underground Railway, running under Eastcheap toward the Tower, has a station here, and, after some delay, a writer in the *Times* suggested that the station should be called after its great neighbor. The suggestion was adopted, and some clearing away of old houses has improved a still rather circumscribed view. The vibration of the passing trains tried the old building, and some decayed fragments of stone fell from the platform at the top a couple of years ago, and caused considerable perturbation in the neighborhood. But a careful examination showed that, like most of Wren's buildings, the Monument is substantially sound, and a very little repair was sufficient to render it perfectly safe.

The interior consists of a winding stairway, with 345 steps to the summit. There is a fine view from the "cage" on the top—a better view, in some respects, than that from the dome of St. Paul's, inasmuch as the dome itself is included. The cage became a necessity. Between 1750 and 1842, six people threw themselves from the platform, the first being William Green, a weaver, and the last a girl of seventeen. There is little more to be said, except that the antiquary will observe that the Monument stands in the centre of the very ancient market-place near the bridge, of which only the street called Eastcheap marks the situation, but of which also Leadenhall at one end and Billingsgate at the other probably formed part.

ATHLETICS IN THE NATIONAL GUARD.

Twenty years ago the regiments of this State, generally speaking, were fuller than they are to-day; twenty years ago, also, there was little outside of the militia to attract the young men. Times have changed since then, however, and especially in the last half-dozen years the great movement in general athletics has become a counter-attraction that is working against enlistment to an extent demanding recognition. It is daily becoming more difficult to induce any kind, to say nothing of the right kind, of young men to enlist. The tendency of modern drill is toward doing away with many parade movements, and to make military duty less showy, and consequently less interesting to the public. Our hardy young men to-day find in athletic associations exercise, sociability, and applause, without the restraints of military discipline, and join them in preference to a regiment. This is the kind of men who make the best soldiers, and it is of the greatest importance that the service is made attractive to them. There is no room for argument in the assertion that it is equally important to build up a service of active and vigorous men.

It has been proposed—and, indeed, the project is now well under way, backed by Adjutant-General Porter and General George W. Wingate—to introduce athletics into the National Guard of this State. The various regimental athletic competitions have demonstrated their popularity, and given some idea of the good influence that is sure to result from a general indulgence. On the other hand, these games, so far as benefiting the service at large is concerned, do not at all answer the purpose. Indeed, they furnish a strong argument in favor of the new scheme. These games have already developed such an exalted standard that none but those particularly gifted, and who are thoroughly trained, are able to secure a place in them. Therefore the average men—the ninety-nine out of every hundred, and the ones that it is desired to interest—know perfectly well they have no chance whatever; and though they might like to have a little sport, are not at all desirous of setting up a show for the amusement of the spectators. Now this is precisely what the new plan will regulate. In the first place, no one will dispute the fact that general athletic exercise in the National Guard would work an inestimable benefit in health, strength, and general tone. The further fact that some means must be devised to bring the men together on an equal basis is likewise irrefutable.

The idea is to work out the new scheme on the same lines as the present system of rifle practice, and to establish two standards, one of a comparatively easy character, within the reach of any active young man without going into regular training; the other, one which can be reached only by a greater amount of skill and some training. The list of events proposed includes, 1st, 100 yards dash; 2d, 440 yards run; 3d, standing broad jump; 4th, running broad jump; 5th, running high jump; 6th, mile walk; 7th, putting the shot. The idea in the programme would be, of course, not to bring out especial skill in any one event so much as to develop the all-round man, strengthen his muscles, and give him wind and endurance. Viewing it in this light, it would probably be wise to substitute an 880 yards run for the 440; but that is a mere detail which will be attended to in season. A certain number of points, say five, will be allowed for reaching the standard in each game, with an allowance for passing it. To equal the standard in four out of the seven events, scoring twenty points, will constitute a man an "athlete"; to make forty points, a "champion athlete." There will be presented each class medals, as in the case of marksmen and sharp-shooters.

The question as to whether competitions be held in armories has created some discussion as to the different size of tracks and the consequent handicap to those at work in the smaller armories. This seems plain enough. Probably at first there would be no competitions in the armories, as it is proposed to fit up Creedmoor with athletic grounds. Qualifying, however, would of necessity be done in the armories, and when the size of the various tracks is known an allowance could readily be given those on the smaller ones. If an armory competition should be held, as in time would be quite likely, an election of location would be made by the governing board. I have heard opposition from one or two quarters on the plea that the departure will throw much additional work on the regiments; but it is not exactly clear, nor has it been made so by those with whom I have talked, how it will entail so much more labor. Of course there would be a National Guard Athletic Association, with officers and committees and representatives from each regiment, that would attend to these matters. The practice would be voluntary entirely, and when the men had reached the standard certain officials would superintend their qualification. The annual competition at Creedmoor would be governed as are all athletic championship events. Such, briefly, is the outline of the plan; and now as to the success of the departure.

When the introduction of rifle practice was first discussed, all manner of obstacles were thrown in its way, and failure predicted by a great many. From the very time of its introduction, however, its success was pronounced, and the result is to-day that the general marksmanship of the service is of a very excellent order. The direct cause of this result was the wise placing of the two standards—one within the reach of the average man, and another to spur him on to better efforts—and the giving of corresponding medals. So will it be with this athletic movement. Once let a half-dozen men qualify and secure the medals, and the contagion will spread throughout the regiment. It will require no further booming. The benefit to a service in which a majority, at least, of the guardsmen have had some athletic training is wellnigh beyond calculation.

To a very large extent, the militia is composed of men whose daily life is sedentary. There cannot exist two opinions as to the value of exercise to such a class of men; nor can there be any doubt as to the comparative effectiveness on the field of a regiment of vigorous, active men, and one filled with listless, puny men. Probably not one man in twenty in the National Guard can run a half-mile in the comparatively slow time of four minutes without being utterly pumped out at the end. The illustration in this issue shows the half-mile run in "full marching order" at the Seventh Regiment games, April 4th. The leader is A. B. George, the long-distance runner, and member of the Seventh. Of course, no athletic comparison can be made between George and the average militia-man; but this event, the forerunner of the general movement to introduce athletics in the National Guard, went to prove conclusively the great advantage to be derived from the new departure. Out of a regiment of one thousand and forty odd men, just three competed. Note what the system of rifle practice has done: out of this same one thousand and forty odd men, one thousand and fourteen are marksmen. Were the proposed scheme of athletics in the National Guard introduced, the number of athletes in the service would probably equal the marksmen. With such a state of affairs, what a service we should have, to be sure! There is a national side to this question. Successfully introduced in this State, it would be taken up by all the States of the Union. With athletics introduced into the National Guard of the United States, who will fail to appreciate the effectiveness of that guard in service, and the improvement in general tone and vigor at home?

Caspar W. Whitney.

LAWRENCE BARRETT.

Oh, eager brain, has all thy pulsing ceased?
Oh, master-voice, is all thy music done?
Or art thou, gracious spirit, but released
To fuller life? Alas! since life begun,
Thus have men asked, and asking has been vain.
Thus have men hoped; if vainly, who can tell?
Cassius, farewell! *If we do meet again,*
Why, we shall smile; if not, 'tis but farewell.

The rest is silence. Nay, it may be song;
What know we? But if song, 'tis otherwhere,
Heard but of them that go with thee along
Through that far unknown country's clearer air.
Here is deep silence, such as fondly guards
The chamber where a dear one slumbers light.
Thy sleep, alas! has need of no such wards,
For what can waken thee? Sweet Prince, good-night.

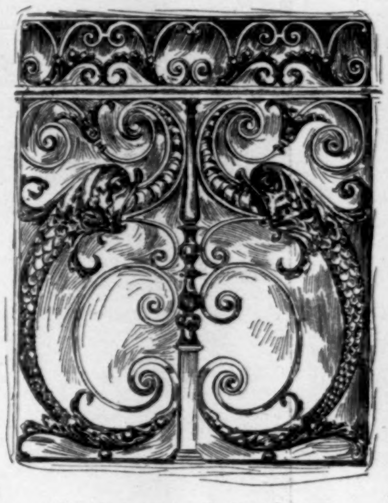
In this thy sleep of death, if dreams should come,
They will be dreams for peaceful slumber meet.
Dream that the world doth love thee—the poor, dumb,
Sad-hearted world, that hath no language sweet
To speak its loves. Hold thou the fair dream fast,
And dream it all the age-long silence through;
Till, if God will it so, thou wake at last
To the glad knowledge that thy dream is true.

K. V. H.

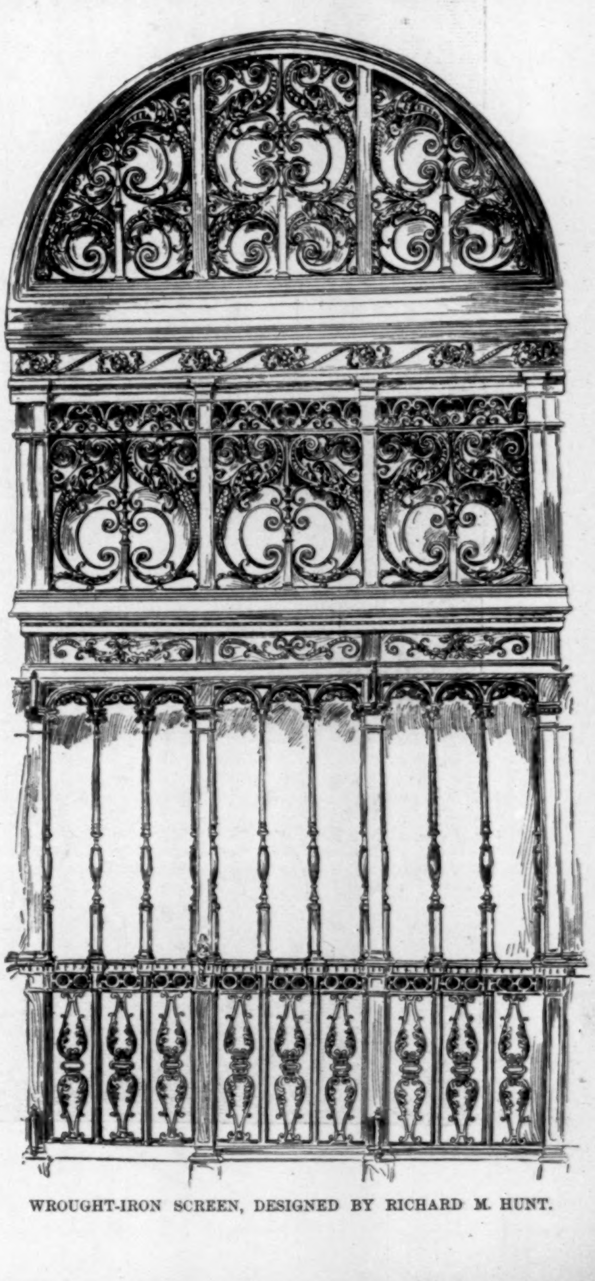
A WROUGHT-IRON SCREEN FOR A NEWPORT HOUSE.

There are beautiful specimens of wrought-iron work in Europe that travellers may see in the museums and in old châteaux and palaces, and in our own time there is produced, by skilful artisans in France and other countries, much that bears comparison with the famous work of the craftsmen of the Renaissance. In the United States we have almost nothing of the sort, and iron is, indeed, commonly looked upon as a "baser metal," only fit for making beams and girders and massive pillars in the construction of buildings, and for hundreds of useful but not ornamental objects. The new Harvard gate recently set up at Cambridge is one example we have to point to of the artistic use of iron, and it is being used more every year by progressive architects in the right way, combining the grace and elegance of good design with the solid and enduring qualities that are characteristic of the metal. The wrought-iron Rood screen reproduced on this page has just been executed at the workshops of William H. Jackson & Co., of this city, and is to be placed in a country house at Newport. The design is by the well-known architect Richard M. Hunt, and is French Renaissance in style—François Premier, to be concise. The work consists of gates, balcony, and an arch grille, forming a large screen over nineteen feet high, and will fill the space, where it is to be set in the entrance to the house, from wall to wall and from floor to ceiing. The design forms three main vertical divisions marked by graceful pilasters—with the spaces between the pilasters subdivided into triple arches, each supported by delicately wrought spindles—and four horizontal divisions. The first horizontal division embraces the dado in the lower half of the gates; the second, the entablature immediately over the gates; the third, the top rail of the balcony above; and the fourth, a frieze and cornice on a line with the spring of the arch, forming the bottom of the arch grille. The decoration consists of dolphins and foliage, and in general design, and in detail somewhat, the screen recalls some of the wrought-iron work at Blois and Chenonceaux. The two panels on the left are the gates proper, the third panel on the right being closed. This part of the screen rises eight feet; the entablature and balcony over the gates three feet higher; then there is an open space of about three feet, and the arch grille measures five feet from the bottom to the centre of the arch. The work is admirably executed, and the beautiful design carried out in a manner that shows the artisans were not unworthy of the task intrusted to them. It is to be hoped that we shall see more and more of such excellent work as this, and it is a matter for congratulation that it has been produced here at home.

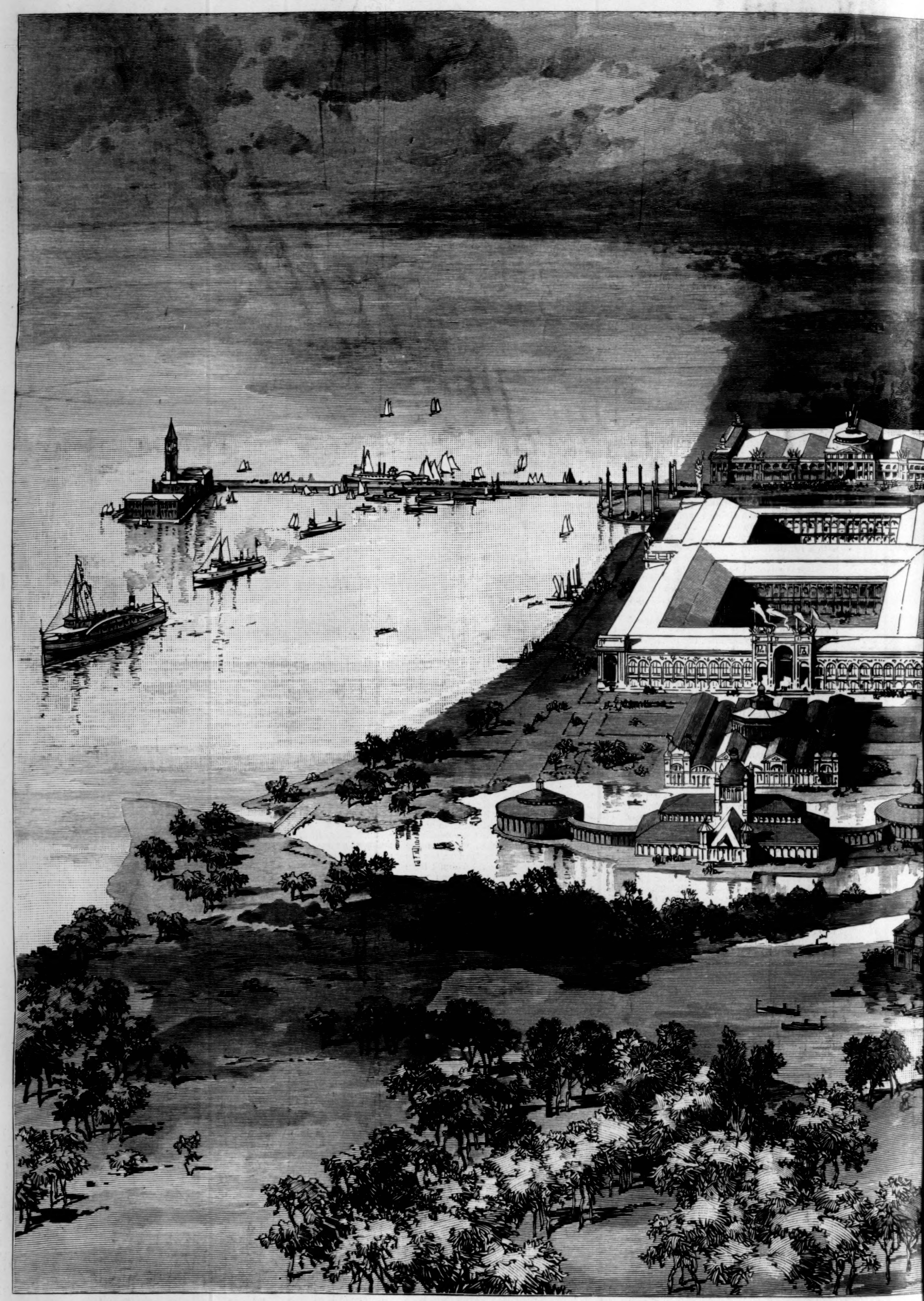
William A. Coffin.



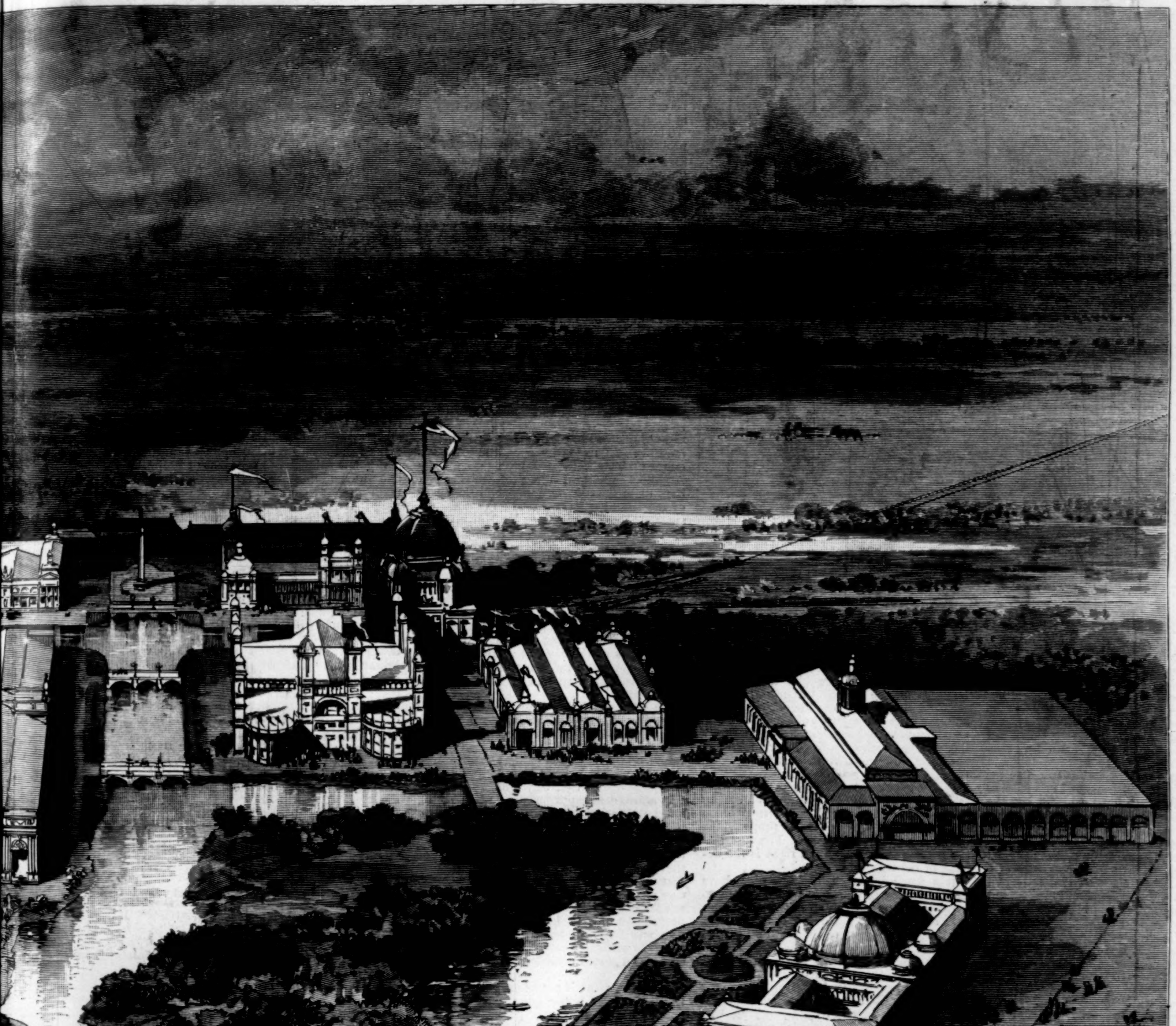
ENLARGED SECTION OF SCREEN.



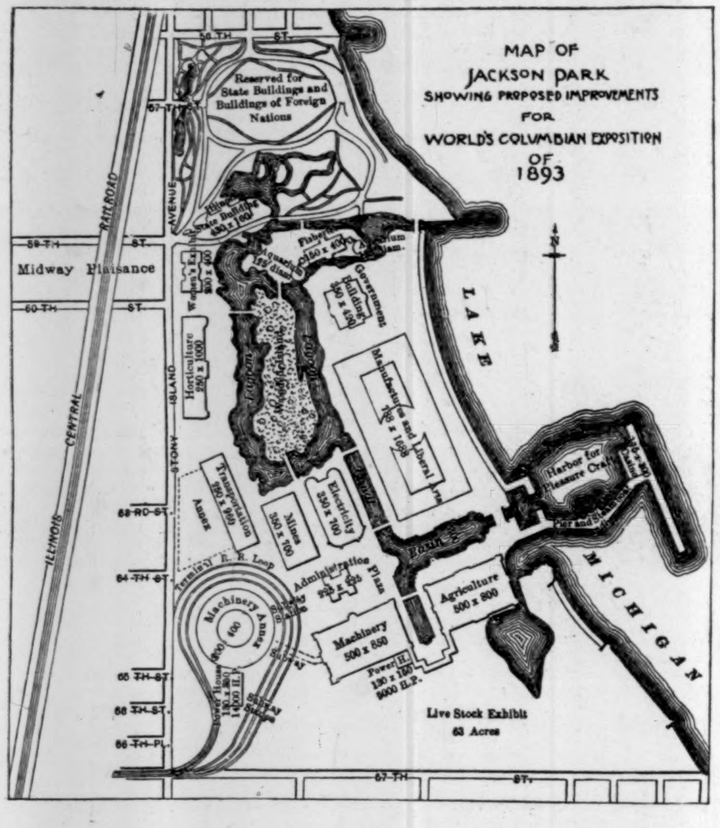
WROUGHT-IRON SCREEN, DESIGNED BY RICHARD M. HUNT.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO



AGO—From the Accepted Plans.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 286.]



THE EXPOSITION BUILDINGS IN JACKSON PARK.

In looking for the best effect in the ensemble, the constructionists and the gardeners of the Columbian Exposition did not desire to disparage any one building. It was not an easy problem. Of course they had the Paris affair in their mind's eye, and had not far to go for advice. But originality was wanted in grouping as well as in designing the long houses and the turreted temples. Many maps were made, and at last one was adopted. The demonstrators of this map, as was to be expected, have nothing but the most fulsome praise to lavish on their own work; and if there are a certain few of sensuous eye and Saracenic notion in the concern of groups and angles, they have not been open in criticism, for the reason perhaps that their criticism might not be understood in these times of "the greatest and biggest and finest things of their kind in the world."

But if the vista of the Chicago Exposition will not be Cordovan in striking and meritorious simplicity, it will certainly awe such Americans as can gape at pacusta ornamentation, and find more to be marvelled at in an interminable series of gilded domes and vast stretches of staff walls than in a simple monolith covered at the base with valuable glyph.

The buildings of the Columbian Exposition and the preparation of the grounds therefor will cost a trifle more than $12,000,000. With this sum much can be done, and there is no doubt that much will be done. Much has been done already. And as the constructionists have said that the buildings shall be arranged in just such and such a fashion, it is perhaps as well to accept the situation, and to seek for all that may be admired rather than attempt to turn up a prospect here or there or everywhere that would seem more grateful to the view were it reverted or converted or subverted. The architect, who is the chief of construction, says that "a man in a balloon" would look *from* the top of the Administration Building, which will be the focus of all the groupings. But whether he would look from the top of the Administration Building, or from the lake, or from the window of a passing railroad train, the worthiest object of his curiosity or his interest should be the great hall to be erected for the exhibition of the manufactures and the liberal arts; for this building, in a way, is unique. The structure, which will be of the French Renaissance, is said to be designed to cover more ground than any building ever erected by the hands of man. Its noble dimensions, 1700 by 800 feet, surpass in extent the groundlines of the greatest ruins of Asia. It will be built around two courts, and over its middle will rise a great arch 350 feet in diameter. This building is noticed first because it will hold those exhibits that represent the agents that have been most active in civilizing America.

The subject of the illustration is a bird's-eye view of the Exposition buildings as seen when the observer is looking south. To the extreme left is the pier pavilion in Lake Michigan, with a promenade running westwardly. At the end of the parade is a group of buildings, the farthest south being that devoted to agriculture. Next to it, to the north, is the great structure for the manufactures and the liberal and decorative arts already referred to. This building was designed by Mr. George S. Post, of New York city. North of it is the United States Government Building, with its polygonal dome. The nearest of this group is the building for the exhibition of the fisheries. In the foreground, solitary, is the building given up to the State of Illinois. It supplies the fourth and nearest side of the irregular quadrilateral bounded on the left by the group just described. In the group to the extreme south, adjoining the departments of agriculture and manufactures, and beyond the Illinois Building, are the Machinery Hall, Administration Building, and the Electrical Building. To the right of this group are the Mines Buildings. The structure to the extreme right is the department of transportation. The flower-beds before the domed structure on the middle right suggest very properly the department of horticulture. The last and the nearest building on the right is the domain of the women.

It is contended by the architects that have designed these structures that they will surpass those of any other exposition in number, size, and splendor. The total frontage of them will occupy more than two miles, and the total number of acres covered by them will be more than 125. The figures given out through the Bureau of Publicity and Promotion provide the following acreage for the individual buildings: Fish and fisheries, 1.7; fisheries annex, 5; government, 3.6; manufactures, 31.2; electrical appliances and electricity, 5.6; mines and mining, 5.6; agricultural, 9.2; machinery, 9.7; machinery annex, 8.7; annex for power, 8.3; horticultural, 5.7; woman's building, 2.2; transportation, 9.3; administration, 1.4. These provisions, as may be seen, do not include the space that will be required for fine arts, decorative arts, and the buildings wherein live-stock and animals will be quartered, nor yet the exhibits of foreign nations and the Isabella Building, for which a space has been left apart from the ground occupied by the regular departments of the Fair. This space has been reserved at the northern end of the park site.

While the enterprise was young the contention among the directors on the matter of the site for these buildings was warm. The Lake Front—a special and not a general term —by which is meant a stretch of land fronting on Lake Michigan before mid-city, was abandoned as being too restricted. Then it was decided to make use of a dual site—the Lake Front and Jackson Park. Finally the Lake Front was abandoned altogether, and Jackson Park chosen exclusively.

This park is a pretty bit of land, albeit very flat. It is situate on the shore of Lake Michigan, seven miles south of the City Hall of Chicago, and embraces 586 acres. Washington Park is a mile nearer the city, and the Midway Plaisance, a strip of 80 acres, connects the two parks. With Washington Park and the Midway Plaisance, Jackson Park furnishes an area of 1037 acres that is available for Exposition purposes. There can be no question as to the desirability of the site. It is rather distant from the centre of the city, and the means of travel are not altogether too good, but for the purposes of building Jackson Park has won praise from all the architects that have seen it.

The structures that will be erected on this site have been designed with a view to consistency of treatment. A brief description of each building has been vouchsafed by the construction department. The building for the fisheries has been designed by Henry Ives Cobb, of Chicago. It will be one of the largest. It will show, over a frontage of 700 feet, an elevation in Spanish style that has been praised much by more than one critic. Mr. Cobb believes in the liberal use of color, and has provided for some rather brilliant facings in his work, but he has aimed at harmony, and his success will depend on the taste and education of the observer. The building of the government will measure 350×420 feet, and will be provided with a dome. This building and the battle ship to be constructed in the lake have been treated at length in this journal.

The battle ship suggests the pier, that will probably be of as much beauty as any of the greater structures rising from the land. Augustus St.-Gaudens, of Paris, has been to some pains to render this portion of the Exposition of value to those who seek for art. At a distance of 1500 feet from the shore will rise from a foundation of rock resting on the bottom of the lake a Greek pavilion 200 feet in diameter. It is urged that the view from this pavilion will be noble. Four hundred feet from the shore a circular harbor will be partially enclosed by a peristyle rounding out two piers that will run parallel. On the peristyle will be placed thirteen isolated columns, representing the thirteen States of the Union, surmounted each with the appropriate coat of arms and symbols. From the centre of the harbor a colossal figure of the Republic will arise. This figure will probably be designed by St.-Gaudens. Westerly from the pier will extend the main avenue, which will be properly the entrance to the Fair. At the right of this will be the building of the manufactures. At the left, the building of agriculture. This house has been designed by Architect McKim, of New York, who has perhaps more thoroughly understood the needs of the situation than most of the other designers. In his rough lines Mr. McKim went counter to the fierce ideas of Ruskin in that he furnished forth a severely rectangular building. But in relievo he fell into the ornate and the elaborate mural treatment. The walls will be softened with much and classic statuary. The design has been highly commended. The Machinery Hall has been designed by Peabody & Stearns, architects, of Boston. This building will be of the same proportions as the Hall of Agriculture, but will be impressive, and, according to the chief of construction, "rich in architectural line and detail."

To Richard M. Hunt, of New York, was assigned the task of designing a building for the administration. The president of the American Institute of Architects dealt simply but strikingly with the subject, and showed what there was possible in the Italian Renaissance drawn to a very wide scope. He was allowed an appropriation of $650,000, and he placed a fair proportion of that sum in a dome that he asked to be gilded, and that he drew up to a height of 250 feet. In this building will be the offices and rooms of the National Commission. The structure that will be put to the exhibit of transportation methods will measure 1020 by 260, and will be of the Romanesque order. The appropriation of $1,000,000 allotted to its erection will be spent largely in a fashion not specially attractive exteriorly, but its immensity was a severe consideration to the architect.

More beautiful, if not as extensive, will be the building of horticulture. Its 1000 feet of length will be greatly relieved by three domes. The materials will be chiefly glass and iron. At the entrance of the Midway Plaisance will stand the Woman's Building. From the Midway Plaisance itself will rise the Proctor Tower.

The beauty of the landscape between the buildings will be enhanced by a lagoon artificially made, with an inlet from the lake. In this lagoon and on the surface of the harbor, protected from the high waves by a mole, will ply small craft representative of all nations. The men in these boats will be clothed in the actual dress and will be given the color of the Chinese, the Japanese, the Malay, the Venetian. The object of all this is to give as gay an appearance as possible to the Fair. A further attempt will be made to render a Mediterranean effect by coloring the sails of all the boats that enter the harbor of Chicago. Within the pier room will be left for the revenue-cutter *Michigan*. The lake, and, it is thought, the water features of the Exposition, will be made more interesting by the presence of a cadet ship from Annapolis, which will be brought to Chicago through the canal for summer practice. In all, there will be about seventy-five acres of waterway. The lagoon and the shore water of Lake Michigan will be turned over to the superintendent of the department of electricity, who will draw on all the ingenuity of the country to beautify them. The water is very clear, and will supply splendid material for startling electrical effects. Subaqueous illuminations of variegated color will be used to produce a surface of such splendor as will ask faith in a magic more marvellous than that of Apollonius. In fact, the waterways give promise of being the most spectacular of all the departments of the Exposition. The genius of St.-Gaudens saw this when he advised the abandonment of the project for a tall tower at the end of the pier, and replaced it with the Greek pavilion and the peristyle with the noble statuary. Under the glow of the electric light, which will be used without stint at night, the water cannot fail to prove the most interesting and fascinating feature of the Fair.

Chief Burnham, in explaining his plans to the gentlemen of the National Commission when that body was in session at Chicago recently, made use of this description: "I should say that outside of the buildings there will be about 200 acres of space, including about fifty acres in the walks. Now it is designed to have a line of small steamers extend their voyages clear up to the end of the park, and these are to be operated by some one company, under careful restriction. There will be numerous landings convenient to the large buildings, so that one can go from place to place either by boat or the intramural road, which will run right among the buildings. It is deemed better to keep the intramural away from the fronts of these buildings, so as to keep them as quiet as possible, and it will be used principally, of course, as a long-distance shortener, and not when you have only three hundred or four hundred feet to ride. The suggestion we have from the grounds and building committee is that it be made an electric elevated road. The site for it is not exactly determined.

"The various domes and minarets, or turrets rather, will be picked out in color, so that it is expected to have the whole Fair, as one sees it, not only a good line of buildings and a well-arranged disposition of the landscapes, but brilliant in color as well. It shall be festal and beautiful. You can imagine to yourself the moving boats and the people thronging the shore, and the bright color of the buildings, and at night the dazzling display of electric light. Flags will wave from each of the columns, bannerets and points will emphasize coigns of vantage, and the buildings themselves—that is, the main ones—are to be of an ivory tone, running into a deep, warm, rich brown. Fountains and terraces will adorn the walks, and also flowers and shrubbery about the principal buildings."

The artistic arrangement of the Exposition has been divided into five parts: first, the northern end of the park, which will be retained for State, foreign government, art, and other buildings; second, the Midway Plaisance, which will be given to curious and special exhibits, and to accommodate the overflow from the States portion; third, the lagoon, island, and adjacent lands; fourth, the main court, with pier extending into the lake; fifth, the space back of the main court to the south, where the buildings will be of cheap construction, with architectural beauty aimed at.

The National Commission, at the recommendation of Director-General Davis, has recently adopted a classification of exhibits and departments. These are fifteen, as follows:

A—Agriculture, Food, and Food Products; Farming, Machinery, and Appliances.
B—Viticulture, Horticulture, and Floriculture.
C—Live-stock, Domestic and Wild Animals.
D—Fish, Fisheries, Fish Products, and Apparatus of Fishing.
E—Mines, Mining, and Metallurgy.
F—Machinery.
G—Transportation Exhibits, Railways, Vessels, and Vehicles.
H—Manufactures.
J—Electricity and Electrical Appliances.
K—Fine Arts, Pictorial, Plastic, and Decorative.
L—Liberal Arts, Education, Engineering, Public Works, Architecture, Music, and Drama.
M—Ethnology, Archæology, Progress of Labor, and Invention; Isolated and Collected Exhibits.
N—Forestry and Forest Products.
O—Publicity and Promotion.
P—Foreign Affairs.

THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH.

AFTER a session which has extended over five weeks the Australian Federal Convention has brought its work to a close. On Wednesday last the Constitution bill was adopted, and the sessions were ended amid scenes of great enthusiasm.

It is astonishing how little interest has been awakened on this continent, and especially among our own people, by this convention. It is only within the last eight or ten days that its proceedings formed the subject of any of our cable despatches; and for details regarding the work which was being done we have been indebted almost entirely to the foreign press. Yet it is doubtful if any assembly since the arrangements were made for the federation of British North America in 1867 has at all approached this Australian convention in importance, or been so fraught with what we might call the future prospects of the English-speaking peoples. All things considered—special regard being had to the fact that the time had come when the question had to be decided whether the different colonies should unite and form one people, or allow themselves to drift into separate and antagonistic nationalities—this Australian convention, in view of the work accomplished, is entitled to be regarded as one of the very greatest triumphs of modern civilization.

Some years have elapsed since Australian federation began to command colonial and imperial attention. The first important step was taken in 1885, when the Imperial Parliament passed what was called the "Federal Council Act of Australasia," an act which authorized the appointment of such Council, and which intrusted it with the management of such matters as were of common Australian interest. The Council, having been appointed, held meetings in 1886, 1888, and 1889. No meeting was held in 1890, but instead a conference of representatives of the Australian colonies met in Melbourne in February of that year, and made arrangements for the convention which has now so happily been brought to a close.

The convention met on March 2d of the present year, and, as had been previously agreed upon in Sydney, New South Wales, Sir Henry Parkes, the Premier of the colony, who has been the life and soul of the federation movement from the outset, was unanimously called to the chair. The colonies represented were New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, West Australia, and New Zealand. *Éclat* was given to the opening day by a grand banquet, held in what is known as Centennial Hall; and the toast of the evening, "One People, One Destiny," was given by the chairman of the convention. On the second day the work of the convention was outlined in a series of resolutions embodying principles which, it was claimed, were necessary to establish and secure "an enduring foundation for the structure of federal government." These resolutions provided that "the powers, privileges, and territorial rights of the several existing colonies should remain intact, except in regard to such surrenders as might be agreed upon as necessary and incidental to the power and authority of the National Federal Government"; that "trade and intercourse between the federated colonies should be absolutely free"; that "power and authority to impose customs duties should be exclusively lodged with the Federal Government and Parliament"; and that "the military and naval defence of Australia should be intrusted to the federal forces, under one command."

Subject to these and other necessary provisions, the convention was asked to approve the framing of a Federal Constitution, which should establish a Parliament, composed of a Senate and a House of Representatives, the former consisting of an equal number of members from each province, elected by a system which should provide for the periodical retirement of one-third of the members, the latter chamber to be elected by districts formed on the population basis; also a Judiciary, consisting of a Federal Supreme Court, which should constitute the High Court of Appeal in Australia, under the direct authority of the sovereign, and whose decisions as such should be final; and at the same time and finally an Executive, consisting of a Governor-General, and such persons as might from time to time be appointed as his advisers, "these last having seats in Parliament, and their term of office depending upon their possessing the confidence of the House of Representatives, as expressed by the support of the majority."

On the following day Sir Henry Parkes sustained the resolutions in a speech of remarkable power. The resolutions, for which he was mainly responsible, were submitted as a groundwork for debate, not as embodying principles to be rigidly adhered to. He asked the delegates to meet the work in a broad and liberal spirit, to be self-denying to the extent of losing sight for a time of merely local interests. What was aimed at was a better government for the whole of Australia. There was no desire to cripple colonial power, or to invade colonial rights. On the trade questions he was clear and emphatic. Under any federation, freedom of trade between the existing colonies was a necessity; and it was equally necessary that legislation on fiscal questions should be given to the Federal Parliament. If it chose, it might declare in favor of protection as against the whole world. On the questions of national defence and of the colonial judiciary, he was equally emphatic and explicit. He made it abundantly plain, also, that it would be necessary for the proposed Federal House of Representatives to have the sole power of origination with regard to money bills.

We are not yet in possession of all the details of the work accomplished by the convention. We do know, however, that on all the main points presented in the original scheme there has been more or less perfect agreement. The four main propositions were agreed to almost as soon as read. The second part of the resolutions, which was concerned more with detail, occasioned more discussion, and developed on some points considerable difference of opinion. Difference of opinion existed as to the powers to be given to each of the two Houses of the Federal Parliament in regard to fiscal questions. It was finally agreed that power of origination in all such matters should rest with the Lower House. The question was raised whether intercolonial free trade should not be inaugurated at once, but it was wisely arranged that things should remain as they are until the Federal Parliament should establish a uniform tariff. There was difference of opinion as to whether the Governor-General should be appointed by the crown or elected by the people. In a division of the convention it was decided in favor of appointment by the crown, by a vote of 35 to 3. Some difficulty was experienced in the choice of a name for the confederation. The final decision was in favor of "The Australian Commonwealth."

There were several questions on which serious difficulty was expected to be experienced. Of these, by far the most important was the question as to the disposition of the colonial debts. This, it would seem, was one of the last subjects taken up by the convention. The colonial debts are heavy, the total, including that of New Zealand, amounting to £168,000,000, with an interest of £6,365,000. Among the various suggestions made, one was that in assuming the colonial debts the Federal Government should take over and seek compensation in the colonial railroad and telegraph property. Consolidation, however, has been postponed until federation shall have become an accomplished fact. It will then have to be dealt with by the Federal Government. In the mean time the Constitution bill has been adopted; and unless the colonial Legislatures, before which the confederation scheme will soon be brought, raise objections, Australia, under the name of the Commonwealth, will, on an early day, enter upon an entirely new and, we are willing to believe, prosperous career.

A BABY KING AND QUEEN.

On Good-Friday last a curious ceremony took place in the chapel of the Royal Palace at Madrid. As soon as vespers were over, the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, who fills the office of Chaplain "Mayor," stepped down from the high altar and approached a table on which seven rolls of parchment were laid. They each contained the free and full pardon of a prisoner lying under sentence of death, and had received the Regent's signature a few hours previously. The exercise of this most royal of all the prerogatives of the crown—namely, that of "mercy and grace"—on the Good-Friday of every year dates back to the commencement of the sixteenth century. Placing his hand upon the documents, the cardinal, in accordance with the traditional custom of the Spanish court, addressed the Queen as follows:

"Señora, does your Majesty grant pardon to these criminals?"

With a tender and affectionate glance at the little boy by her side, whose hand was clasped in hers, she replied: "In the name of the King, my son, I pardon these prisoners, as I look to God to grant His pardon and mercy to us. Amen."

The cardinal thereupon took the golden salver on which the seven rolls of parchment were laid and placed it upon the high altar, and after a short prayer pronounced the benediction. The ceremony was then brought to a close by the cardinal's delivery of the pardons to the Minister of Justice, who, with the gold embroideries of his uniform and his sword hilt shrouded with crape—court mourning being worn on Good-Friday for the death of Christ—stepped forward to receive them.

The little King in whose name this act of clemency was performed will be five years old on May 17th next, and is a bright and clever little fellow, remarkably precocious for his age, and with a strongly developed tendency to mischief. This, in view of the stringent etiquette which prevails at the court of Madrid, is decidedly embarrassing. For the members of the royal household are obliged to steer clear between their duty, on the one hand, of keeping the child out of scrapes and of preserving him from all harm, and the necessity, on the other hand, of avoiding everything that might be construed as lèse-majesté, or as tending to impair the dignity of his Most Catholic Majesty. Thus an unfortunate footman who had on the spur of the moment put out his arms and caught the King one day when the little fellow had tripped up and was about to tumble headlong down stairs, was dismissed from his post for having dared to touch, and thereby contaminate, with his plebeian hands the sacred person of the Lord's anointed. True, the Regent, who is a sensible woman, and a mother before a Queen, generously rewarded the man for his presence of mind with a considerable sum of money, and appointed him game-keeper on one of the royal estates. But not even she could save him from the loss of his place as footman at the palace, his offence being considered by etiquette-bound dignitaries of the court as far too serious to permit of his retention as a member of the King's household.

The anecdotes current about little Don Alfonso are simply innumerable, and appealing as they do to every mother's heart, go far toward increasing the popularity of the throne throughout Spain.

He is exceedingly frank and unrestrained in the expression of his opinions, especially when they concern the personal appearance of his lieges; and although extremely disconcerting to the parties immediately concerned, they constitute a source of delight to everybody else. It was only with the greatest difficulty that his mother was able to impress upon him the necessity of abstaining from making remarks of this character in an audible tone of voice at church. Her admonishments, however, bore unexpected fruit. The King manifestly took it for granted that the instructions to remain quiet and silent during divine service applied to others as well as to himself; for shortly afterward, when the royal family and the court attended mass in state at the Attocha Church, little Don Alfonso suddenly interrupted the preacher in the midst of one of his most impassioned and eloquent perorations by commanding him, in a shrill and piping tone of voice, to be still, and not to make "such a noise in church."

Alfonso XIII. will remain on record as the only monarch in the history of the world who has been a King from the very moment of his birth. The latter took place several months after the death of his father, and predecessor on the throne, and the circumstances by which it was surrounded were of a character to inspire interest and sympathy for the child. The interest in the welfare of the little fellow, as well as in that of the other child monarch, the ten-year-old Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, is of no ordinary nature. For the fate of millions of fellow-creatures depends upon their lives. The death of either the one or the other would inevitably be followed by a revolution in their dominions. Particularly would this be the case in Holland. For the next heir to the throne is the reigning Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, whose husband and grown-up sons are Prussian to the very core, and among the most trusted officers of Emperor William's army. Their establishment at the Hague would involve the practical absorption of Holland by the German Empire. This, however, the Dutch are determined at all costs to prevent. They are too jealous of their independence ever to submit thereto, all the more as they realize that it would result in the loss of their eminence as one of the principal trading powers of the world. It is therefore not alone mere loyalty and sympathy, but also vital considerations of material interest, which invest with such fervor the prayers that are daily offered up in the churches of Holland and Spain for the safety of little Queen Wilhelmina and for that of little King Alfonso. F. C. O.

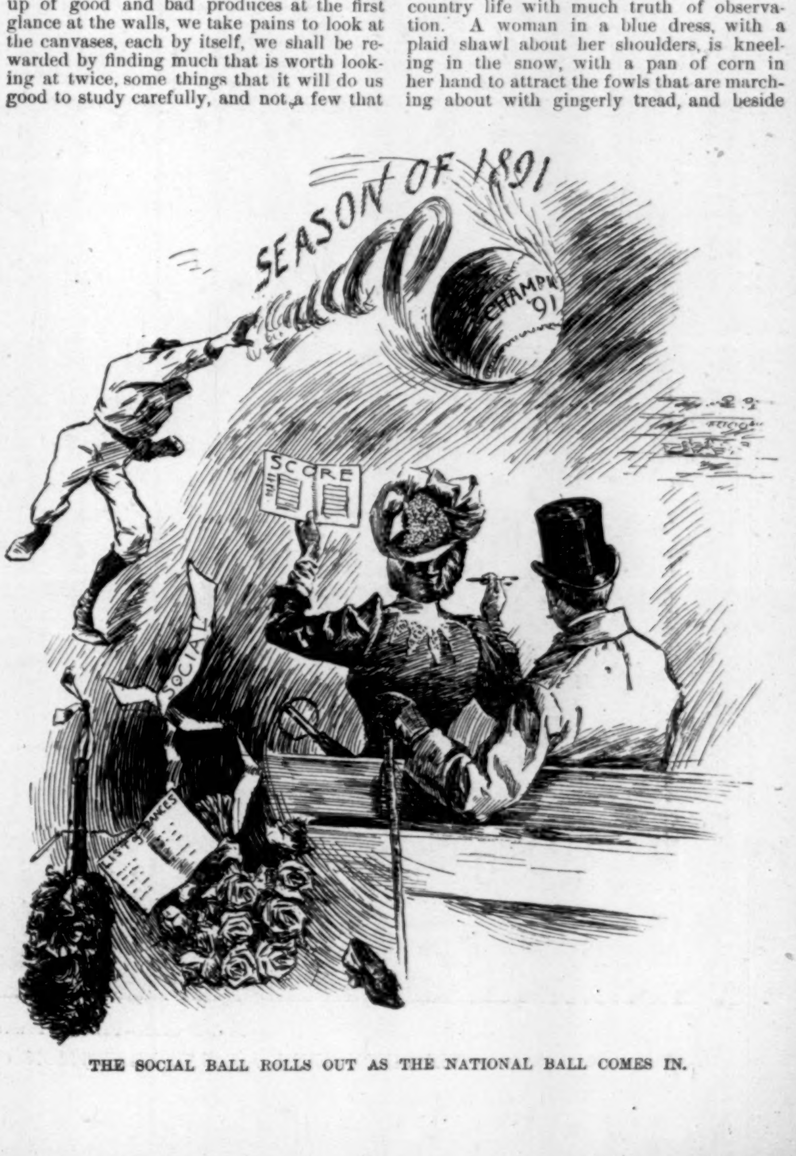
THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

The sixty-sixth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design contains five hundred and thirty-eight works, a somewhat smaller number than usual, but the walls of the four galleries and the corridor are well filled, and in not a few panels there is "skying" of the loftiest order. The works on the line are not in all cases the best ones in the show by any means, and some excellent pictures are placed over doors and in out-of-the-way places where they can hardly be seen. There is little that approaches symmetry in the hanging, and the general aspect of the walls is lacking in repose and dignity. However, the hanging committee has probably done quite as well as could be expected with the material they had to make use of. Academy hanging committees are not always free to put bad pictures where they will do the least harm, nor to give the best places to what they may think are the best works. There are traditions and rights to be respected, and they interfere sadly sometimes with tasteful hanging. It has always been so, and it will no doubt continue to be so, and we can only be thankful when the result of placing pictures under such conditions is not altogether tawdry and unsatisfying. If, in the present exhibition, after we have recovered from the shock that the incongruous mixing up of good and bad produces at the first glance at the walls, we take pains to look at the canvases, each by itself, we shall be rewarded by finding much that is worth looking at twice, some things that it will do us good to study carefully, and not a few that will afford us real delight. Much of the best work that our painters and sculptors produce in the year's time is sent to the spring exhibition at the Academy, and in spite of fault-finding and harsh criticism on the part of those who have been disappointed in one way or another, it is certainly true that if we want to know what has been the progress made in native art in the twelvemonth, we cannot afford to miss seeing the exhibition at the oldest of our art institutions. This year we shall find a good deal that shows that progress has been made in some directions, and in no case more markedly than in the field called "figure painting."

Leaving aside for the moment consideration of the large number of excellent portraits in the exhibition, and taking up the genre and imaginative compositions, we find first a large canvas by Thomas Hovenden, called "Breaking the Home Ties," No. 321, hung in a prominent place in the large South Gallery, that is better than any other picture this well-known painter has exhibited (unless perhaps it be his "In Hoc Signo Vinces," a composition depicting a scene in the war in La Vendée, that he brought with him to New York when he came here from Paris ten years ago), and is such a good picture, taken altogether, that it fully deserves to be mentioned among the very best canvases in the exhibition, and as one of the best scenes of American life yet painted by anybody. The composition contains seven figures effectively placed, with a country boy about leaving home and his mother as the central group. The boy is excellent in character, and the mother almost if not quite as good. The other figures are prominent enough to give the proper interest that belongs to them, but not obtrusive or disturbing. The canvas is remarkably well "held together," and painted with much breadth, and a strong sense of color.

Mr. Mowbray's picture, "Dancing Girl," No. 183, is about as different from Mr. Hovenden's homely interior as anything could well be. The dancing girl, slow-moving and graceful, clad in thin draperies of greenish hue, with a soft sash of red, is the central figure in a composition that shows an Oriental apartment, with a number of women reclining on a broad divan. The dancing girl stands by herself in the foreground. The accessories in this picture are rich and luxurious, and they are painted with infinite cleverness. Mr. Mowbray is a finished draughtsman, and he has rarely done better than in this charming figure of the dancing girl and those of her companions, who are lazily looking on. The picture is harmonious and delicate in its color scheme, and is one of the most delightful canvases the artist has yet produced in a series of works with similar subjects that have made for him a reputation as one of the most talented of American painters.

Not far from this pretty picture is hung a work called "Winter Morning in a Barn-Yard," No. 195, by Charles C. Curran, that depicts a familiar scene in American country life with much truth of observation. A woman in a blue dress, with a plaid shawl about her shoulders, is kneeling in the snow, with a pan of corn in her hand to attract the fowls that are marching about with gingerly tread, and beside



THE SOCIAL BALL ROLLS OUT AS THE NATIONAL BALL COMES IN.

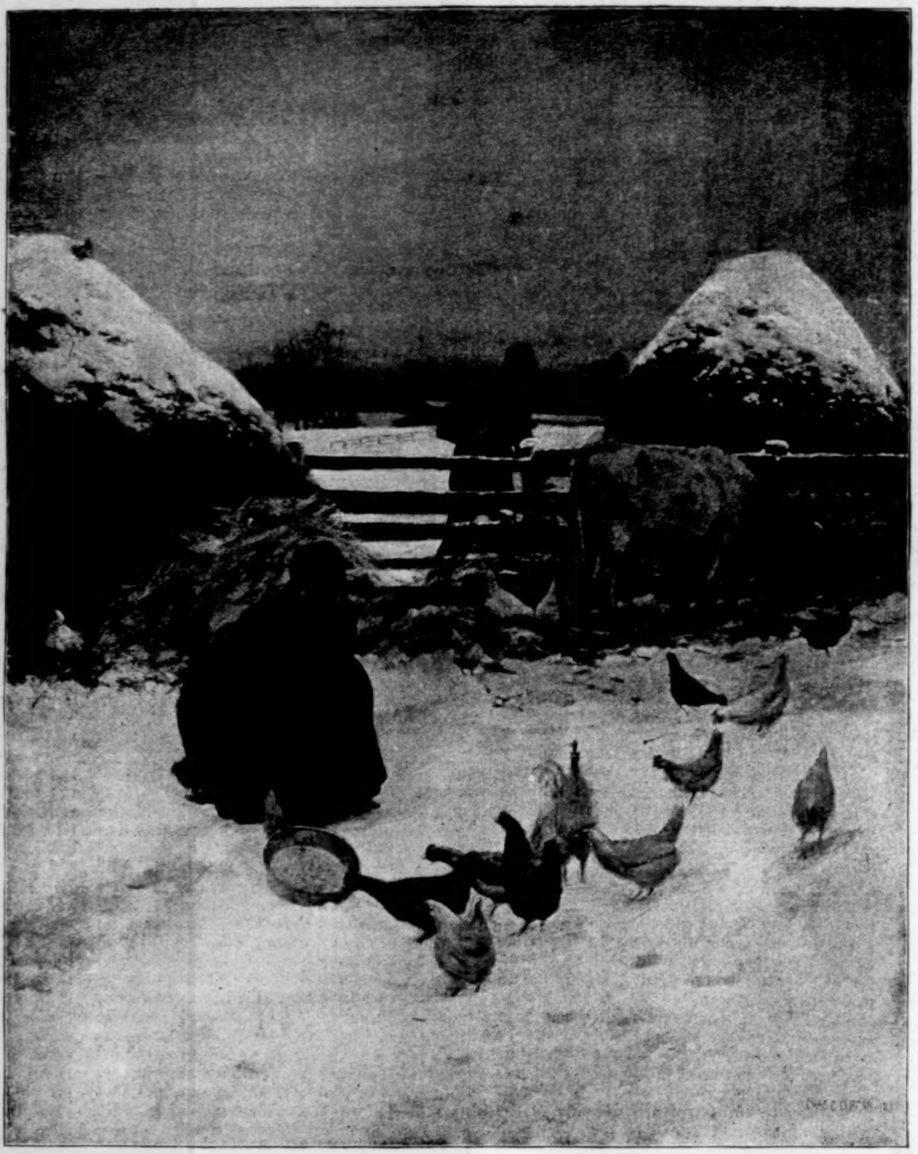
the straw stack near by, where a white cow is standing, a farm hand is forking fodder over the fence for the stock. There is a sharp chill well rendered in the atmosphere, and the accent of local truth is very well brought out. The picture is painted in a high key; though not distinguished in color, it is not without quality, and it is not forced. It is good in drawing, and painted very cleverly.

"A Vision of Moonrise," No. 191, by Kenyon Cox—an imaginative work, in which there is a nude female figure very graceful in line, and another figure, that of a man awakening from a dream and dazed by the apparition before him, who is rugged and sturdy by contrast—is ambitious in intention and successfully realized. In color the picture is notably good, and it is interesting to see that the painter has used for his landscape a distinctively American motive, which he has adapted with artistic appreciation of the needs of an appropriate setting for the nude figures.

"Fortune and the Boy," No. 113, by Henry O. Walker, a charming picture in which the nude is treated with refinement, excellent in drawing, though a trifle dull in color; "The Three Sisters," No. 234, by Edmund C. Turbell, a realistic out-door study of three young ladies in summer gowns seated in a garden, very well painted, and exceedingly good in color and values; "Twilight," No. 223, by Frank W. Benson, a charming picture of two young ladies—the one in black and the other in white—in an interior in which the light comes from a lamp screened by a piece of music on a stand on the left, and from the fading day outside on the right, painted with a great deal of knowledge and a considerable amount of artistic feeling; a cleverly handled figure of an old man giving a bite to eat to a cat—"Good Friends," No. 499—by Francis C. Jones; "A Girl in Black," No. 101, and "A Girl in Rose"—out-of-doors study—No. 143, by Will H. Low, the first as delicate and tender in its way as the second is truthful and realistic; and a canvas of large size that was exhibited in the Salon, and is now seen for the first time in New York at this exhibition, "Waiting for the Absent," No. 483, by Charles S. Reinhart, a sober, well-considered, and thoroughly competent picture—are among the other important works by painters of the figure that are especially worth choosing for notice among the considerable number of pictures of their class in the exhibition.

The display in the galleries of the academy is, even more than usual, remarkable for good portraits, and it seems, that whatever may be the average of the other work, the best things of the year in portraiture are to be found here. Certainly Mr. Sargent's beautiful picture of a young lady in a pink gown with gray ribbons, "Portrait," No. 230, is among the best things this most able painter has yet shown in New York; and the "Portrait," No. 388, by the same artist, is as life-like as it is real in the presentation of a man as others see him in daily life; and Mr. Vinton's excellent portrait of a lady, No. 162; Mr. Beckwith's "Portrait of Mrs. A. P. F.," No. 103, very lady-like in aspect, and very well drawn and modelled; Mr. Chase's vigorous likeness of a well-known artist; Mr. Blashfield's fine picture of a lady in a white gown, "Portrait," No. 134; Mr. Castaigne's brilliant rendering of a young man in a studio light, "Portrait," No. 454; and Mr. Collins's two pictures (the one of a gentleman, No. 295, and the other of a lady in a blue gown, No. 468)—attest the general excellence of the representation in this branch of the art of painting. When we have added that there are excellent landscapes by Charles A. Platt, D. W. Tryon, H. Bolton Jones, R. M. Shurtleff, Charles H. Hayden, R. W. Van Boskerch, J. Francis Murphy, Alexander Harrison, and others equally well known, and that so far as sculpture—somewhat neglected, it is true, but always as well seen at the Academy as anywhere else—there are good things by Olin S. Warner and J. S. Hartley, a fair idea of the exhibition may be obtained, even though we have not space to mention other things of interest.

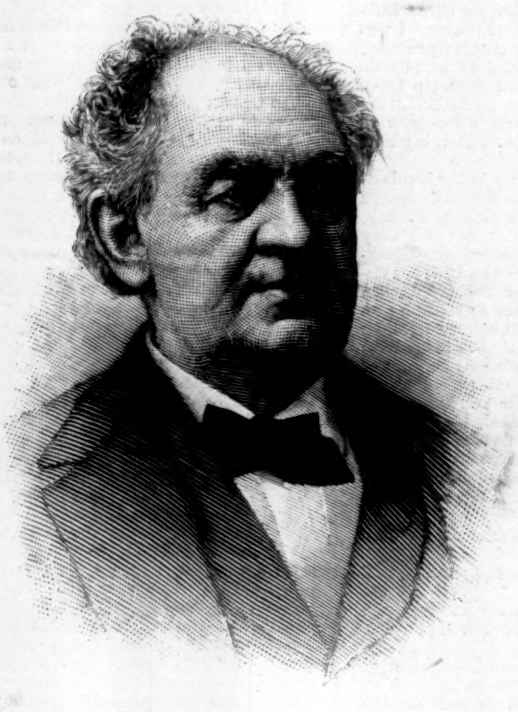
WILLIAM A. COFFIN.



WINTER MORNING IN A BARN-YARD.—FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES C. CURRAN, A.N.A.

DANCING GIRL.—FROM THE PAINTING BY H. SIDDONS MOWBRAY, A.N.A.

THE SIXTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.



PHINEAS T. BARNUM.

THE GREAT AMERICAN SHOWMAN.

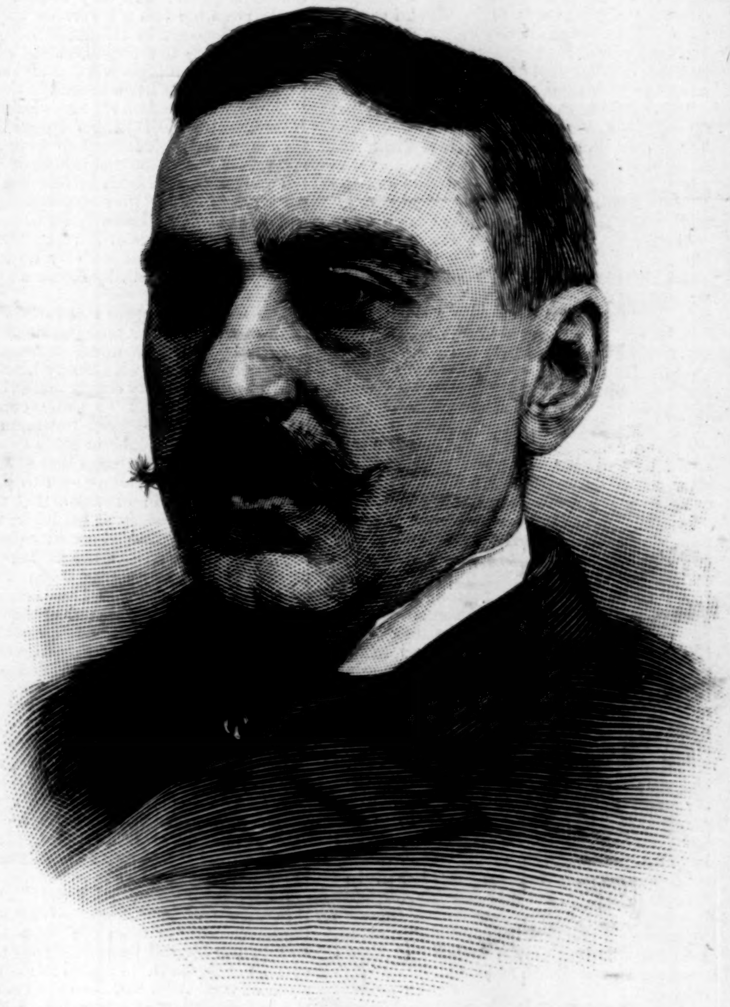
"His death has eclipsed the gayety of nations, and diminished the public stock of harmless pleasure." Dr. Johnson said this when his friend David Garrick died more than a hundred years ago, and the remark is even more applicable to Mr. P. T. Barnum, who has just died, at his home in Bridgeport, at the age of eighty-one years, for his career was a longer one than that of the gifted actor, and he furnished amusements for a world which at once has become much larger and its various parts brought closer together. This remarkable man was before the public conspicuously for more than half a century, and the method he employed to catch and keep the attention of the masses has added another word to the English language. I do not know that the lexicographers have yet made either noun, adjective, or verb out of the word "barnum," but as they are nowadays liberal in recognition, we may look forward to such a word being placed in the dictionaries, and that the definition shall have something to say of harmless humbug, amusement enterprise, and unfailing invention. The French already use it as a noun.

Barnum was born in 1810, in Connecticut, in the village of Bethel—what a vision the name suggests of New England Puritanism and the blue laws of the olden time!—and as he lived a very active life until the end, the space which in this paper can be devoted to his biography is inadequate to do more than trace his career in brief outlines. Before he was sixteen he had had experiences common enough perhaps to New England boys of his station in life at that time, and had played more or less a man's part as a farm laborer and a clerk in a country store. But in 1826 he was thrown entirely on his own resources by the death of his father, who was by turns a farmer, a store-keeper, tavern-keeper, and tailor.

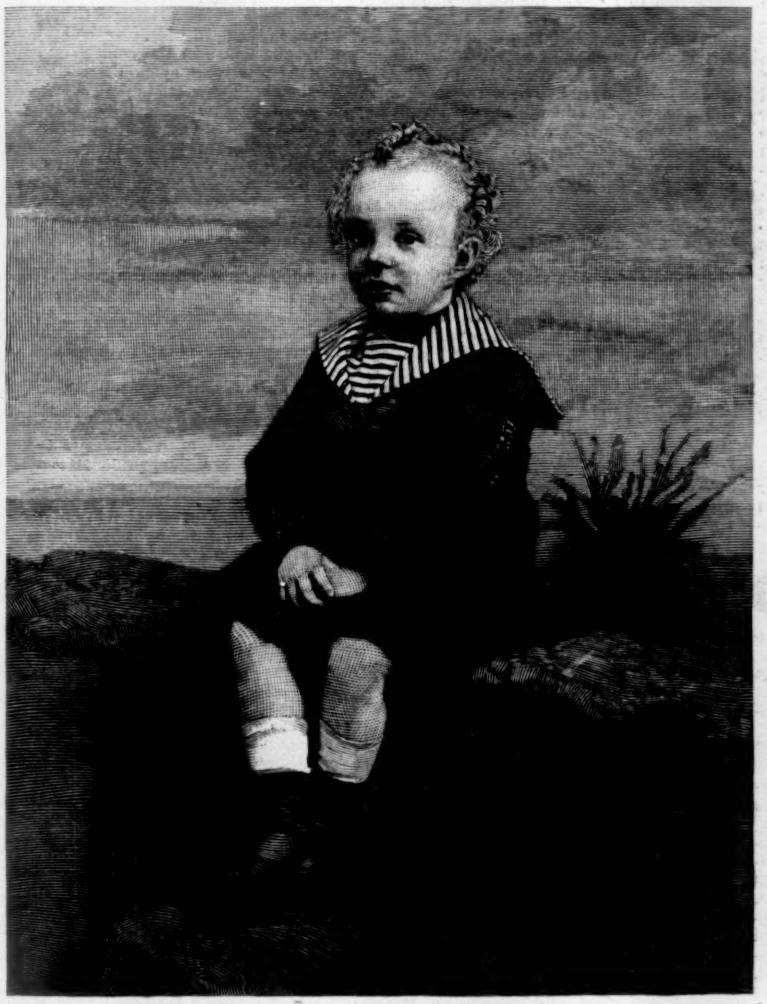
As a lad he was a clerk in a store in Brooklyn, an assistant in a bar-room in New York, and then the proprietor of a variety store in his native village. Here he also sold lottery tickets, and originated a lottery to enable a merchant to dispose of an unprofitable stock. He even this early, before he was twenty-one, took an interest in public questions, and was ambitious to contribute his views to the county newspapers. The editors were afraid of him, and his views and his articles were declined. Not to be balked in such a way, he established a paper of his own —*The Herald of Freedom*— and expressed himself with such vigor that he was soon in jail on a conviction for libel. When he was released he received a public ovation, and was taken home in triumph by those who liked the independent views of his paper.

Some time before this he was married to the village tailoress, Charity Hallett, who lived to see him attain possibly the greatest success ever accomplished by any showman. In his book, in his own way, he bears constant testimony to her assistance when economy and help were needed. His commercial and newspaper ventures in Connecticut not proving remunerative, he came with his family to New York, and opened a boarding-house in Frankfort Street. He also went into the grocery business in South Street. But neither of these ventures was entirely satisfactory. And here it may be remarked that Barnum never seemed to have any considerable measure of success in any form of business except that for which nature cut him out—a showman.

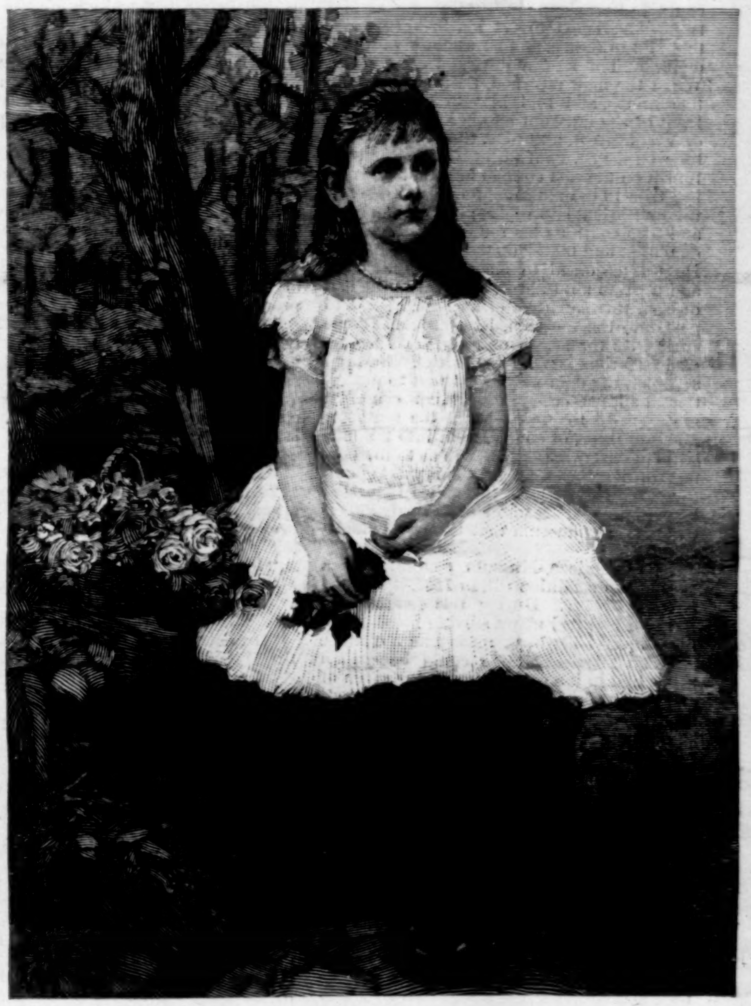
As a showman—and only as such does his career excite much interest—his first appearance was as the owner of a negro woman who professed to be 160 years old, and to have been the nurse of George Washington. This was in 1835. Of course this was an arrant humbug; but in his



HEMPSTEAD WASHBURNE, THE PROBABLE MAYOR OF CHICAGO.—[See Page 290.]



ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN.



QUEEN WILHELMINA OF THE NETHERLANDS.

THE BABY KING AND QUEEN.—[See Page 287.]

Autobiography written in 1869 and revised in 1884, Barnum makes no apology for it, and seemed to think that the deception, if deception there was, was innocent, and did no harm. The woman lived only a year after Barnum purchased her, but during that time he made a good deal of money in exhibiting her in various parts of the country.

During the next six years Barnum travelled all over the country with shows of various kinds, kept a concert-hall in New York, was a manufacturer of shoe-blacking, and the agent for Sear's pictorial illustrations of the Bible. These ventures "cleaned him out," and at the age of thirty-one he was glad to work for a few dollars a week to support his family.

About this time Barnum learned that the museum at Ann Street and Broadway was for sale, Mr. Scudder, the owner, having died. The building and land belonged to Mr. Francis W. Olmstead, a retired and wealthy merchant. He naturally wanted a good tenant for his property, and to him Barnum went for backing. Mr. Olmstead, after looking over the references his new acquaintance gave him, consented to buy the museum if it could be had on favorable terms. And so, after some delays, the American Museum came into Barnum's possession. By enterprise, thrift, and other careful methods, Barnum was able to pay his indebtedness to Mr. Olmstead in one year. During that time he and his family lived on six hundred dollars. It was during this time that he began his glaring advertisements which characterized his whole career. Of these he says in his book: "It was the world's way then, as it is now, to excite the community with flaming posters, promising almost everything for next to nothing. I confess that I took no pains to set my enterprising fellow-citizens a better example. I fell in with the world's way; and if my 'puffing' was more persistent, my advertising more audacious, my posters more glaring, my pictures more exaggerated, my flags more patriotic, and my transparencies more brilliant than they would have been under the management of my neighbors, it was not because I had less scruple than they, but more energy, far more ingenuity, and a better foundation for such promises. In all this, if I cannot be justified, I at least find palliation in the fact that I presented a wilderness of wonderful, instructive, and amusing realities of such evident and marked merit that I have yet to learn of a single instance where a visitor went away from the museum complaining that he had been defrauded of his money. Surely this is an offset to any eccentricities to which I may have resorted to make my establishment widely known."

As an illustration of one of his ingenious methods of attracting attention to his museum may be mentioned the incident of the "brick man." One day a man applied for alms to Barnum, who was sitting in the ticket office. To the inquiry as to why he did not go to work, the mendicant replied that he would gladly do so at a dollar a day, if he could find employment. Barnum gave him twenty-five cents to get his breakfast, and told him to return, and he would give him a dollar and a half a day and easy work. When the man returned, Barnum gave him five bricks, and told him to place one in front of the museum, another on the corner of Vesey Street, a third at the corner of Fulton—on the St. Paul's Church side—and the fourth on the east corner of Fulton. Returning then to the museum, he was to take up the first brick, and replace it with the fifth, and then continue his rounds, putting down one brick and taking up the other each time. He was enjoined to answer no questions, and to seem not to hear, and that at the end of each three-quarters of an hour he was to pass into the museum, look around at the curiosities for fifteen minutes, and then resume his rounds with the bricks. Barnum says that the man played his part to perfection, and his eccentric conduct caused a great crowd to gather about the museum. Many of these, of course, went into the museum to seek some explanation as to the purpose of the "brick man." This was kept up for several days, until the police requested his withdrawal, because such crowds lingered about the museum that traffic was interrupted.

This American Museum continued in a prosperous condition till, in 1865, it was destroyed by fire. During this long period Barnum had had many stirring incidents in his life; and his book reads like a Yankee *Arabian Nights*, if there could be such a thing, and in it a candid account is given of all of these happenings. In 1842 he found, at Bridgeport, Connecticut, which was now and ever afterward his home, Charles S. Stratton, known to fame as General Tom Thumb. This mite was at once engaged by Barnum, and for two years was exhibited at the American Museum and in other places in America. Then, in 1844, he took the little fellow to Europe, where he was exhibited for several years. In this trip Barnum and Stratton met all the great people in the Old World. Imagine, if you can, this dwarf and showman being introduced to Queen Victoria and the Royal Court by the dignified Edward Everett, the Minister from the United States to the Court of St. James. But such was the fact, and they went several times to Buckingham Palace to have an audience of the Queen and her royal consort Prince Albert. The democratic rearing of the two Americans prevented them from acquitting themselves with that conventionality which court etiquette requires; but they appear to have made none the less a favorable impression. Barnum insisted in talking directly to her Majesty, without the intervention of a court officer, and the midget felt that he had shown perfect deference when he said to the Queen, "Howdy do, ma'am?" At Marlborough House, where the Dowager Queen Adelaide then had her residence, they were received several times, and the great Duke of Wellington took a delight both in Barnum and his prodigy. In Paris they received equal honors, and saw King Louis Philippe more than once. In other parts of Europe they had the same kind of success. A very great deal of money was made both by Barnum and Stratton.

The next big venture was to bring Jenny Lind to America, the museum meantime being run by managers, under Barnum's direction. The contract with Jenny Lind was for one hundred and fifty concerts, at $1000 each, the contract subject to some conditional modifications. This does not seem a very large amount of money in these days, when Patti commands five times that sum, but in 1850 it was an enormous sum to pay; and Barnum tells us in his book that when he tried to borrow money at his bank, with his contract as an additional security (he needed $187,000 to deposit with the Barings in London as a guarantee fund), the President laughed at him, and told him that all Wall Street was of the opinion that the contract would ruin him outright. By selling and mortgaging property, and borrowing from friends, he secured the money, and sent it to London. Meantime he had, through the newspapers, been educating the American people as to who this wonderful songstress was. He must have done this very thoroughly, for when she came in September, 1850, the whole country was ready to go wild over her, and, what was more to Barnum's purpose, they did. In ninety-five concerts the receipts were $720,000. Of this Jenny Lind received $176,000, and Mr. Barnum must have cleared at least twice as much.

Barnum now regarded himself as a very rich man, and he thought to withdraw as much as possible from the show business, and devote himself to building up the town of East Bridgeport. He sold the museum to some of those who had been connected with the management, and transferred the lease of the property, which had more than twenty years to run, to his wife. He bought large areas of property in East Bridgeport, and made arrangements to "boom" the town. He was particularly anxious to establish manufactures and factories in the town, and he stood ready to assist any such which seemed promising. He had one clock factory there which had moved from Litchfield. There was another much larger concern, the Jerome Clock Company, of New Haven. In 1855 it was suggested to Mr. Barnum that if he would become responsible for $110,000, the Jerome Clock Company would remove to East Bridgeport, and consolidate with the small company already there. Such an arrangement was entered into, and the notes and acceptances were given. From time to time Barnum gave other notes for renewals. It appears that this new paper was not used to renew Barnum's paper, but to pay other liabilities. At last the banks would take no more of Barnum's paper. An investigation was made, and it was found that he had paper out aggregating half a million dollars, and was bankrupt. He had, however, when perfectly solvent, made over an ample competency to his wife, and therefore was not without means. The account he has given of the efforts by means of supplementary proceedings in the courts to discover property which had been sequestrated is really pathetic. His friends, however, did not lose faith in him, and he had offers of assistance from the best men in New York.

He tells of one incident when he was called up on supplementary proceedings. The lawyer for the plaintiff asked:

"What is your business?"

"Attending bar," replied Barnum.

"Attending bar?" the surprised lawyer asked. "Attending bar? Why, don't you pretend to be a temperance man—a teetotaler?"

"I do."

"And yet do you have the audacity to assert that you peddle rum all day, and drink none yourself?"

"I doubt whether that is a relevant question," Barnum said, in a low voice.

"I will appeal to his Honor if you do not answer instantly," said the lawyer, fiercely.

"I attend bar, and yet never drink intoxicating liquors," Barnum replied.

"Where do you attend bar, and for whom?" was the next question.

"I attend the bar of this court nearly every day for the benefit of two-penny lawyers and their greedy clients."

In explanation of this extraordinary method of discovering property being so often resorted to, Barnum tells us that his paper was bought up by speculators at a large discount, and these were the persons who were so hostile in their attitude toward him. He gained rather than lost friends by the methods employed against him. Speaking of this period, he has said: "If at any time my vanity had been chilled by the fear that after my retirement from the Jenny Lind enterprise the world would forget me, this affair speedily reassured me. I had notice enough to satisfy the most inordinate craving for notoriety. All over the country, and even across the ocean, 'Barnum and the Jerome Clock Bubble' was the great newspaper theme. I was taken to pieces, analyzed, put together again, kicked, pitched into, tumbled about, preached to, preached about, and made to serve every purpose to which a sensation-loving world could put me. Well, I was now in training in a new school, and learning new and strange lessons."

He put all of his property in the hands of assignees for the benefit of creditors, and went back to Europe to exhibit Tom Thumb, and also to lecture on "The Art of Money Getting." He tells us that he had seen Thackeray and been visited by him on both his visits to this country, and had also met him in England. When in England in 1857 he proposed himself to enter the lecture field, he called upon the gentle satirist at his house in London. Here is Barnum's own account of the visit. Mr. Thackeray said:

"'Mr. Barnum, I admire you more than ever. I have read the accounts in the papers of the examinations you underwent in the New York courts; and the positive pluck you exhibit under your pecuniary embarrassments is worthy of all praise. You would never have received credit for the philosophy you manifest if these financial misfortunes had not overtaken you.'

"I thanked him for his compliment, and he continued:

"'But tell me, Barnum, are you really in need of present assistance? For if you are, you must be helped.'

"'Not in the least,' I replied, laughing. 'I need more money in order to get out of bankruptcy, and I intend to earn it; but so far as daily bread is concerned, I am quite at ease, for my wife is worth £30,000 or £40,000.'

"'Is it possible?' he exclaimed, with evident delight. 'Well, now, you have lost all my sympathy. Why, that is more than I ever expect to be worth. I shall be sorry for you no more.'"

He lectured up and down through England, and was everywhere successful. He was guyed by the undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge, and guyed them in turn; and his keen Yankee wit enabled him to hold his own on every occasion. His success as lecturer and manager enabled him to pay off all but about $20,000 of the clock company indebtedness, and this he arranged for in such a way that he was able to again go into business in New York. He bought back the museum, and his wife had bought in nearly all the real estate in East Bridgeport. He managed the museum successfully till it was burned out in 1865. He then determined to move further up town and build a larger place. He bought the old Chinese Assembly Rooms, situated on Broadway between Prince and Spring streets, and in a short while he had the new American Museum in full blast.

In disposing of his lease—there were many years still to run—of the old museum property, he received from James Gordon Bennett, the elder, two hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Bennett was dissatisfied with the arrangement, and wanted to revoke it after the money had been paid. Mr. Barnum declined, and then began one of the most amusing newspaper wars ever seen in New York. The *Herald* declined to receive Barnum's advertisements. The other theatrical managers took Barnum's side, and for many months the *Herald* had no amusement advertisements whatever.

The new museum prospered till 1868, when it was burned out. For two years the great showman was making ready for the first step in that evolution which has given us the present circus, which is known as "The Greatest Show on Earth." Before going into this enterprise he visited Mr. Greeley at the *Tribune* office, and asked his advice.

"Oh," said the great editor, "take this last fire as a notice to quit the show business, and go a-fishing."

"Go a-fishing?" Mr. Barnum asked.

"Yes, go a-fishing. I've been trying to find time to go a-fishing for thirty years, but I never could."

In 1870 the great show was opened. It was museum, menagerie, caravan, hippodrome, and circus all in one. It was a signal success. Next year it went all over the country. In 1872 he established it in Fourteenth Street, opposite the Academy of Music. About a month after, the whole establishment was destroyed by fire. By the next spring he had even a larger show on the road. In 1874 he opened his Roman Hippodrome in the Madison Square Garden. This show has been growing, by one kind of accession and another, until it has attained its present proportions. Everybody remembers so well what this show has been during the past few years that it is scarcely worth while telling about it. In 1877, '78, '79 he travelled with the show in England. Then he exhibited in this country till two years ago, and again went to London, where at the Olympia, the most splendid large exhibition building in the world, he had a wonderful success, and renewed the triumphs of thirty-five years before on a larger scale. No other showman, with possibly the exception of Buffalo Bill, was ever treated by the English nobility with such social attentions. The only objections the Englishmen made were that they had to go three times to see the show, and seriously complained of this in letters to the papers.

In 1874, his first wife having died some time before, he was married to Miss Fish, an English woman, and the daughter of a man who said that Barnum's philosophy and career had inspired him to stop being a journeyman weaver and set up for himself. She survives him, as do also two daughters by his first wife. He was Mayor of Bridgeport, several times a member of the Connecticut Assembly, and once a candidate for Congress. He was the richest individual and at the same time the most popular man in Bridgeport. He gave a park to the city, and also a library, and was always a generous contributor to the local charities. In religion he was a Universalist, and in politics a Republican. But above all things he was a showman; and only the day before his death he was interviewed by a newspaper reporter, and seemed to still have a keen idea of getting a good notice in the paper for his "Greatest Show on Earth." This show, it may be added, will be continued by the surviving partner, Mr. Bailey, and some representative of Mr. Barnum's estate.

In advertising, Barnum went on the principle of saying a great deal when he had little to show, and letting the show when it was good talk for itself. Every one can remember the columns of advertising that brought happiness to the newspapers in his earlier days, when his circus was a modest one-ring affair, and any one to-day can see only an inch or two of advertising, as modest as that which heralds the Kendals, now that the "show" speaks for itself. A man who has had as many agents in Africa as Stanley has had lieutenants, and who could capture Jumbo from the British, and who had the audacity to offer the Brooklyn Bridge trustees $10,000 to allow that elephant to be the first animal across the bridge, is one who leaves a vacancy it will be impossible to fill.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THE MAYORALTY ELECTION IN CHICAGO.

As this paper goes to press it looks as though Hempstead Washburne was the candidate chosen in the election of Tuesday, April 7th, for Mayor of Chicago. The contest was so close that an official count is necessary to determine the result. There were five candidates in the field. Hempstead Washburne represented the Republicans; De Witt Clinton Cregeir, the Democrats; Carter H. Harrison, the Independent Democrats; Elmer Washburn, the Reform party; and Thomas Morgan the Socialists. So much country territory has recently been added to the city of Chicago that the returns were not all in from the polling-places for several days after the election. The first reports indicated that Hempstead Washburne was elected by a plurality of about 2000 votes over Mr. Cregeir, the present Mayor, who was about 2000 votes ahead of Carter H. Harrison, who has been Mayor of Chicago several times in the past. Mr. Harrison was the picturesque figure in the contest, and his candidacy was what made the issue doubtful. He had been defeated in the Democratic Convention by Mr. Cregeir, but bolted, on the ground that the nomination had been unfairly made.

One reason why the contest was so sharp, and the office sought with such bitter earnestness, was on account of the Columbian Exhibition, which will be held during the term of the man who is elected. Chicago is not a better-governed town than other American municipalities, and it can readily be understood that during this particular term there will be much valuable patronage to dispense. Besides this, the social prominence which will be given to the next Mayor of Chicago has no doubt seemed a very valuable consideration to some of the candidates and their friends.

Mr. Hempstead Washburne, who led the unofficial poll, is a man about forty-five years old, and is the son of the late Elihu B. Washburne, long time a member of Congress from the Galena (Illinois) District, Grant's first Secretary of State, and finally United States Minister to France during the Franco-Prussian war. Mr. Hempstead Washburne has lived in Chicago since he arrived at manhood, and the popularity among the Germans which his father attained during his ministry to France, when the American Legation was a hospitable refuge for the Germans left in Paris when the siege began, was thought to have descended to his son. The German vote in Chicago is large, and this was no slight consideration in estimating his strength.

De Witt C. Cregeir is a native of New York city, and went to Chicago in 1853. He is a mechanical engineer by profession, and for years was Chief Engineer of the Chicago Water Department, and he designed nearly all of the vast pumping machinery used by the Chicago Water-works. He was elected Mayor two years ago by the Democrats. In the contest before the Board of Elections Mr. Carter Harrison has announced that he will take sides with Mr. Hempstead Washburne. Mr. Cregeir's friends maintain that many of the votes polled for Mr. Elmer Washburn were counted for Mr. Hempstead Washburne. There have been several arrests of election officers upon charges of fraud.

AMATEVR · SPORT

THE PRINCETON NINE has shown fine form in the games played thus far, and the team is practically settled upon. If Knickerbocker at short would brace up a bit, the in-field would be difficult to improve. As it is, in the games in which he has been seen here, several bad errors have been made. Brokaw has not thus far shown as well behind the bat as he did last year, though he has greatly improved in throwing to second. Young appears to have picked up the lines just where he left them at the end of last season, and has been pitching in his old-time form. Drake, one of the change pitchers seen several times, has fair speed, and gets a good curve on to the ball, but is inclined to be wild, and loses his head with men on the bases. Bergen promises well, and has shown excellent control of the ball on the home grounds, though in the games here he has been wild; he hasn't very much speed. Dana, on first, is coming into his old form rapidly; he is unequalled in this position in the amateur field. Durell, on second, has been playing a very good game, and improved greatly in getting the ball on the runner. He fields exceptionally well. King, the foot-ball half back, has been filling third base well, in good shape, and will make a record for himself before the season is out. In Wright at centre field, Princeton has a player who will fill the position with credit. Some of the throws he has made from the field have been particularly noteworthy. Payne and Brown, the other fielders, have not had enough to do thus far to form an opinion of their work.

ON PUBLIC FORM so far, the batting of the team does not appear to be as strong as it was last season, though it is, of course, early to judge. On the other hand, improvement is shown in base running, which last year was a weak point. There remains room for still greater advancement, however, especially in sliding. There is not enough dash in the slide; most of the men act as though afraid of it, consequently are slow, and fail to get that dive without which the play is of little value. King, Dana, and Durell slide the bases in proper shape; the first being especially daring. The strongest feature of the nine is its excellent team-work; the backing-up play of the men being very good. Wright, King, and Drake are the only new men on the team. If Captain Dana is wise, he will be breaking in some substitute catcher during these exhibition games. None has yet been seen, and if anything should happen to Brokaw, it would rather embarrass the team's prospects. He will have his hands full to keep his team from deteriorating.

YALE'S EXHIBITION GAME with the Manhattan Athletic Club team was such a walk over for the blue that no very accurate estimate could be gained of the nine's strength. Bowers showed up well, and would probably have done so against stronger batsmen. Jackson, who was substitute catcher last year, was behind the bat, and made a pleasing impression, though he appears to be a little weak on low balls. Stewart is making a good first, although he is not strong at the bat, and lacks the steadiness of the veteran. He will work out of that, however. Harvey, who played second in Calhoun's absence, missed all the easy balls that came his way, but captured the difficult ones, showing, in my judgment, ability and carelessness. He is likewise weak at the bat. Owsley will probably play third, though the nine has not yet been made up, and several changes are contemplated. In the new men—Kedzie, Case, Frambach, Evans, and Parker—there is not a great deal of encouraging material, and it looks as though Calhoun would have the most difficult task of the college captains. Unless traditions fail, however, he will be equal to it. Case appears to be the most promising. He bats well, travels the bases fairly, but is a slow fielder and inexperienced. Kedzie is weak at the bat, a slow base runner, but a fair fielder. The other three are all weak at the bat and unsteady, though Evans is a very fair fielder. Cushing, Murphy, and McClintock are veterans who will stand Captain Calhoun well in hand before the season is over.

THE MAKE-UP OF HARVARD'S NINE is about determined, and the team has been doing some very excellent work in the past week. On public form thus far, Harvard is in advance of Yale, and quite up to Princeton's best showing. Dean has certainly brought his men around in excellent condition, and shown good judgment in filling the positions. Dickinson and Frothingham, as matters look now, are likely to fill two of the field positions, with a toss-up between Hallowell and Corbett for the other. The team needs batters, and as the latter is but an indifferent one, he is likely to lose the position on that account. Hallowell is improving on fielding ground balls, which was his weak point. Cook is doing fairly well on third, and has a very fair chance of getting the position. Alward and Mason, the two old men, are apparently not in it this year. The fact that the team has improved in general excellence sufficiently to drop two of last year's men augurs well for Harvard's prospects. Look for the base sliding, Captain Dean, and drill your men thoroughly in team-work, especially in backing up plays. You have a great chance this year.

WHILE THE BASE-BALL TEAMS of Princeton, Yale, and Harvard are naturally attracting the greatest amount of attention, there are many keeping an eye on the triangular league composed of Amherst, Dartmouth, and Williams. I am disposed to give more than a passing glance in this direction, for there are certain to be some very close and hard-fought games between them, and they are sure to make it highly interesting for the other college nines played, not even excepting the three acknowledged leaders. The question of the championship is, of course, the all-absorbing one.

AMHERST SECURED THE PENNANT last season after much hard work and some very close contests. Only two of last year's champions—Lacey (first base) and Burns (second base)—are not now in college, but they have left positions very difficult to fill, though Brown, '92, and Stearns, '94, captain of last year's Andover nine, are two experienced and very worthy candidates. There is also some raw material on hand for these positions and the out-field, but in the latter case, with the exception of Cheney, '94, who played out-field on Andover's '90 team, the men of last year will probably be seen this. Of the in-field little need be said. Captain Sullivan will probably play third base; short-stop Taylor is again in college; and the old battery, Hare and Hunt, is training hard. With this veteran material Amherst has an excellent chance of retaining the championship. The season will open May 6th at Amherst.

BOTH DARTMOUTH AND WILLIAMS, however, though beginning with prospects less encouraging, may be counted upon to bring out good nines that will fight it to the very end. At Hanover, Captain John Abbott, '91, will have considerable new material to develop, especially for the battery. Last year the pitching was not so strong as the balance of the team's work, and it should be much improved. Dartmouth's greatest loss is behind the bat; Jones and Ranney were both good, but the latter was one of the best catchers the college ever had—a fact which will be realized before his place is filled. The in-field is considerably weakened by the loss of such men as Gault, Norton, and Downs, but the new material may be relied on for creditable work and faithful training. The out-field is composed entirely of new recruits, as is, in fact, the entire team, with the exception of Captain Abbott, Thompson, and Shurtleff. Of the battery it is difficult to speak at this writing; last year Shurtleff was developed by Ranney on very short notice, and it may be a dark horse is being coached this season. Scruton is again able to play, and if he trains hard, should show up to advantage in the pitcher's box.

AT WILLIAMSTOWN THE MEN are under a careful and competent captain, and should make a good showing when the season is under way. Spalding, last year's pitcher, is yet in college, as are also Arthur, Luce, Street, Davies, Cluett, Mapes, Hollister, McKean, and Manning; hence there appears to be little reason why Captain Hotchkiss should not bring out a formidable team, especially as he has the assistance of Clarke, '89, as coach. The exhibition given by the team in this vicinity in the past week, however, was not up to expectations. Spalding was speedy, but wild; while Richmond on third base left much to be desired. Mapes in right field has considerable grit, and tried for everything. By far the best fielding on the team was by Howard, who played second base; he has grit and quickness, and ably replaces Duryee, who played there in '88. Hollister was not at his best.

THE HARVARD-YALE CONVENTION on the University Cup last week grew nearer a definite and final settlement while we were on the press. A very wise provision was made regarding the location of the games, it being decided to allow each university the choice in its year. The inter-collegiate programme of events was accepted with the exception of the tug-of-war. Games committees were appointed, and May 16th, at Cambridge, settled upon. The Harvard Athletic Association has yet to make its formal acceptance, but there is little likelihood of its not doing so. From the present outlook, Yale will not capture many of the events, while the value of Harvard's policy of a large team will be fully demonstrated. This cup will do a good work at New Haven, for track athletics need stirring up there.

THE TRIANGULAR BOAT RACE between the crews of Columbia, University of Pennsylvania, and Cornell will be particularly interesting this year by reason of Columbia's putting out a good strong crew, and one formed on different lines from those that have heretofore governed. Whatever the eight men accomplish, Captain Metcalfe is to be congratulated on the good sense that has dominated his policy. Until this year it has invariably been the custom at Columbia to begin the training season with an appeal to all the crack oars in the college, and to rely upon the desultory and half-hearted support of these shelved stars for material. The result is familiar to all Columbia men. This year not a "star" has been requested to row; in fact, no man has been button-holed and dragged into the boat-house. The consequence is that candidates have been actuated by the impulse which makes winners. Their heart has been in the work, and the result to-day is at least encouraging.

THE CANDIDATES HAVE BEEN pretty well weeded out, and the crew, with one or two exceptions, is practically settled upon. McKee, stroke, is a '93 man, and was likewise stroke of the Freshman crew which defeated Harvard. He rows in good form, and while being nothing extraordinary as a stroke, is a first-class, substantial oar. Camp is a new man in college, and likewise in rowing, for he never pulled an oar before. He played foot-ball last season, is a well-built, strong fellow, but not yet up to the desired form in the boat. Indeed, it is an unusual man who gets into varsity form in the first year. Prince was on the victorious '93 crew with McKee. He has not been well, and therefore lost considerable work, though now rowing regularly. He is a strong oarsman, rows in good form, and a great addition to the boat. Chrystie, '92, rowed in his Freshman crew, and trained for the varsity last year. He is captain of the varsity foot-ball eleven, and last year made a good end rush. He rows in good form, is hardy, and has plenty of sand; but it is a question if he has beef enough to carry him through a hard race.

CAPTAIN METCALFE NEVER ROWED on a varsity crew before this year, but was a substitute on the '89 crew, and would have been on last year's varsity had one materialized. He was in his Freshman boat, and has been prominent in sport ever since he entered college, last year playing foot-ball. He is a good captain, and rows in excellent form. May and Gignoux are both new men, row in fairly good form, and are very strong. S. Taintor is another light man, who is not sure of a seat on that account; he rows in fair form, and was in his class crew last year. Oakes, bow, had a seat in the '93 boat. His form leaves much room for improvement; he is very strong, however, has played on the foot-ball eleven, and is probably the best man among the candidates for his position. Taking the crew as a whole, it is made up of material above the average, earnest and painstaking. The men are now on the river regularly under coach Mellen, who is teaching them a new stroke. The Mellen idea is to have the men shoot out their hands before they go forward with their bodies. There are ways and yet again ways of shooting out the hands, and we will restrain criticism until we have had a look at the crew.

THE U. OF P. CREW CANDIDATES have been cut down to eleven—originally thirty-two men were trying for seats—F. Hancock, Ellis Harvey, W H Waugman, M. L. Barshinger, W F Ruff, J. H. Buchman, J. W. Adams, C. E. Snyder, R. W. Green, R. P. Griffith, J W Jerome. These row on the river regularly twice a day. Their weight and work exceeds that of any former crew, while the average age is less, and when finally made up, the eight will be a decided improvement over previous years. Hancock, who has been stroking, is only nineteen years of age, and on that account it is somewhat doubtful if he will be finally chosen. A hard three-mile pull is a severe strain for a nineteen-year-old boy, and it is one of the matters that should have the attention of faculties, and those athletic committees that make themselves so numerous in other affairs not nearly so important.

IT IS A SAD COINCIDENCE that two college athletes should in the past four weeks have lost their lives by drowning—Henry Lamar, and last week (Monday), Adelbert Shaw. It is curious that men so fitted physically to sustain the severest struggle should have succumbed so inexplicably The accident on the Charles furnishes food for serious consideration. Whether this poor fellow lost his life from a cramp, because he could not swim, or through being held in by the toe straps when his shell upset, will probably never be known. But the fact does remain, without any special reference to this case, that not sufficient precaution is taken generally in providing against such grievous occurrences. We examine men in going into the gymnasium for physical defects, weak hearts, etc., when not one man in five hundred will work hard enough to hurt himself, but we allow the same men to actually take their lives in their hands by venturing on the water utterly helpless in case of accident. No man should be permitted to row unless he can swim. With the first rudiments of rowing, he should be warned against buckling down the toe strap too tight. The toe strap has been the cause of many an accident; some of them fatal.

THE SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUB members failed to agree last week on the proposed amendment, to the rule regarding giving way in cases of overlap when passing marks, by inserting "provided she can do so without tacking or throwing herself into the wind." At first glance the rejected clause would appear a worthy addition, for it does entail a tremendous disadvantage on the, say, leading and outside yacht to be compelled to tack or throw herself into the wind, to allow the inside boat room to pass clear of the mark, merely because of a slight overlap. Careful reading of the Seawanhaka racing rules, however, shows an overlap defined to be "when an overtaking yacht *has no longer free choice on which side she will pass.*" Therefore, if the overtaking yacht has no longer a free choice on which side of the overtaken yacht she will pass, and yet if, under Section 6 of the same Seawanhaka rule, she is bound, as the overtaking yacht, to keep clear of the yacht which is being overtaken, it would follow that—admitting the two boats were about to pass a mark, and the inside yacht was the overtaking one, and the outside yacht could not give the overtaking yacht room to pass without herself tacking or throwing herself into the wind—it would follow, I repeat, that the outside yacht could force the inside yacht upon the buoy, thereby disqualifying her from winning the race; or else, if the overtaking yacht, the inside one in the case we are supposing, refused to be forced on the buoy, an instant collision would be the inevitable result.

THE SAILING REGULATIONS promulgated by the Yacht Racing Association in England, and in use by all the clubs there, as well as in the Corinthian Yacht Club of New York, dispose of all the questions by the following, which has been found in practice to be fair and efficient:

> "When rounding any buoy or vessel used to mark out the course, if two yachts are not clear of each other at the time the leading yacht is close to, and actually rounding the mark, the outside yacht must give the other room to pass clear of the mark, whether it be the lee or weather yacht which is in danger of fouling it. No yacht shall be considered clear of another unless she is so much ahead as to give the other a free choice on which side she will pass. An overtaking yacht shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap, and thus force a passage between the leading yacht and the mark, after the latter yacht has altered her helm for the purpose of rounding."

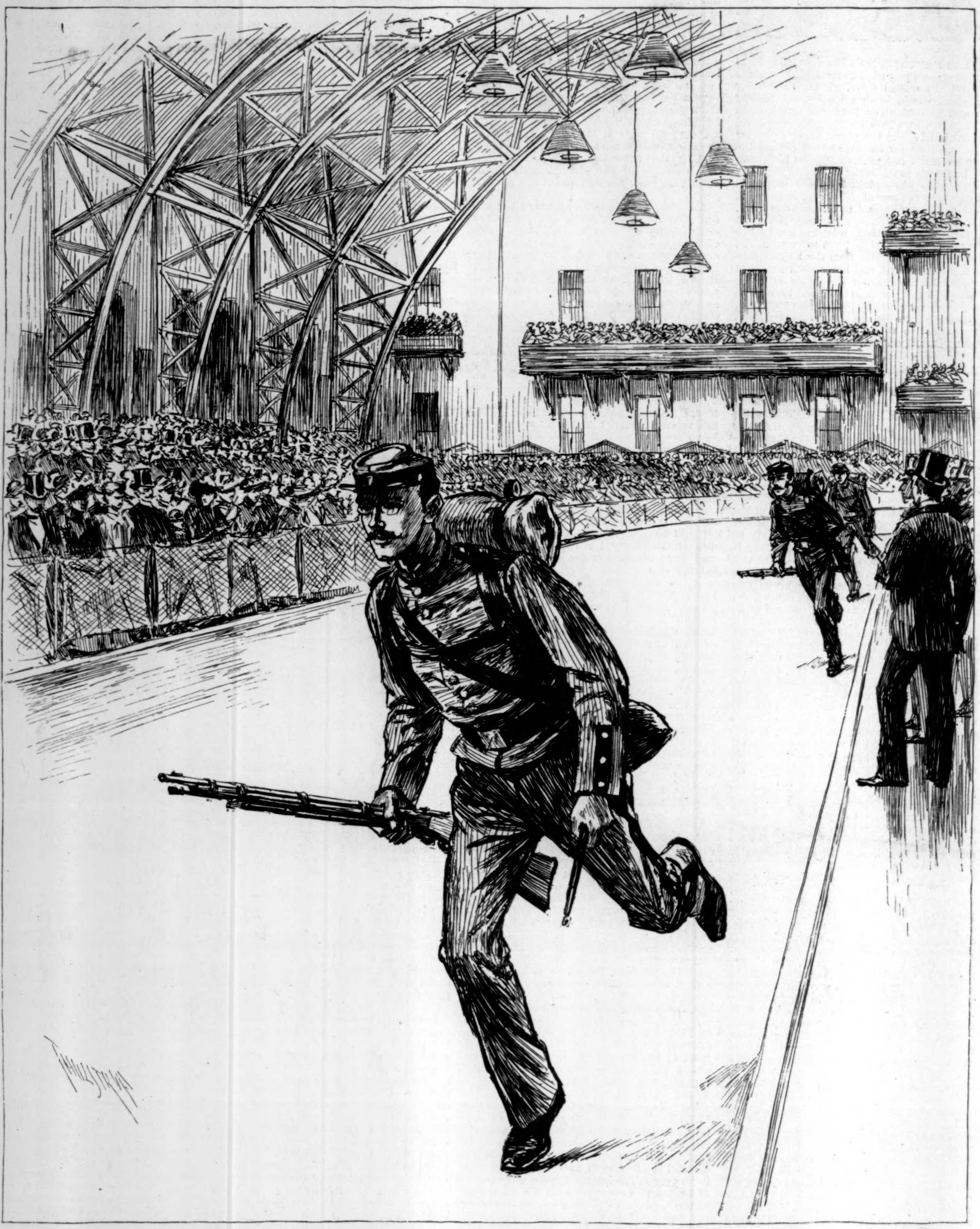
IT MIGHT APPEAR that what I have said about the overtaking yacht being forced on the buoy and disqualified is covered by Seawanhaka rule 22, 'That the boat should not be disqualified if wrongfully compelled to touch the mark by another yacht,' but since in the supposed case she would not be *wrongfully* compelled, it remains that she would be disqualified.

ON JULY 9TH, 1890, W. C. Downs, then a student at Harvard, ran 440 yards on the Beacon Park race-track in 47⅗ seconds. This was world's record time, the best previous being 47¾ seconds, made by Wendell Baker, who was also a student at Harvard when he made the great record. Mr. Downs received the congratulations of all the officials at the conclusion of his performance, and no word was heard of a short course. The following day a little band of disgruntled spirits, seeing an opportunity for some cheap notoriety, visited Beacon Park, and finding an unaccounted-for line drawn across the track, and a mysterious notch cut in the fence alongside the track, immediately, in their wisdom, declared the distance short. The matter naturally caused a sensation, the little band played its tune loud and long, and the space-writing reporters had a windfall indeed. A curious fact was that those who made the biggest commotion had the least knowledge on the subject, while the man who maintained the stoutest that the course run was short was about a quarter of a mile distant when Mr. Downs finished. Unsupported charges, ridiculous figuring, and unbridled fancy have been in turn exploited by the Latter Day Investigating Committee of Boston. Some annoyance has been caused the Record Committee of the A. A. U., and a few have been misled by the sensation mongers; but the instantaneous photograph taken of Downs as he finished, by J. C. Hemment, representing us at the time, has challenged refutation and remains intact.

THE CROWNING ACT in this *cause célèbre* was the corroboration last week by Hemment of the original photograph. On April 6th Montague Chamberlain (Recorder of Harvard University), N. G. George, Jun., G. W. Priest, Louis Page, G. S. Mandell (of the Boston *Transcript*), John Graham, and W. C. Downs went to the Beacon Park track. Hemment focussed Downs on the track at the start as shown in the original picture. While the track was being measured by these witnesses, Hemment went to the finish, determining the position of his camera last July and the finish by focussing on permanent objects shown in the original picture. When the course had been measured the finish line was found to be as claimed. Hemment then placed Downs precisely in the position he occupied in the original, and the distance was found to agree exactly with that shown and claimed in the original, *i.e.*, Downs 31 feet from the camera and 9 feet from the finish. When these last pictures are developed, they will prove that the start and finish of that memorable race were 440 yards apart by actual measurement, and that Mr. Downs is therefore entitled to his record of 47⅗. It will likewise prove the little boomlet of the Latter Day Investigating Committee of Boston a boomerang.

AT THE SEVENTH REGIMENT GAMES, April 4th, the most noteworthy performance of the in-door season was made by A. B. George, the distance runner of the Manhattan Athletic Club, and a member of the Seventh. Running from scratch, he won the mile on a ten-lap track in 4 minutes 33⅗ seconds. A grand performance on boards.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



SEVENTH REGIMENT ATHLETIC GAMES—RUNNING IN FULL MARCHING UNIFORM.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

SERIOUS DANGER

Threatens every man, woman or child living in a region of country where fever and ague is prevalent, since the germs of malarial disease are inhaled from the air and are swallowed from the water of such a region. Medicinal safeguard is absolutely necessary to nullify this danger. As a means of fortifying and acclimating the system so as to be able to resist the malarial poison, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is incomparably the best and the most popular. Irregularities of the stomach, liver, and bowels encourage malaria; but these are speedily rectified by the Bitters. The function of digestion and secretion are assisted by its use, and a vigorous as well as regular condition of the system promoted by it. Constitution and physique are thus defended against the inroads of malaria by this matchless preventive, which is also a certain and thorough remedy in the worst cases of intermittent and remittent fevers.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

BEWARE of fraudulent imitations of the Crown Perfumery Company's LAVENDER SALTS.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

COUGHS.
"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are used with advantage to alleviate Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and Bronchial Affections. 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

SECURE a sound mind, which seldom goes without sound digestion, by using ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

ADVERTISING RATES

FRONT COVER PAGE......	PER LINE, EACH INSERTION	$1 75
BACK COVER PAGE.......	PER LINE, EACH INSERTION	1 50
SECOND COVER PAGE....	PER LINE, EACH INSERTION	1 25
THIRD COVER PAGE......	PER LINE, EACH INSERTION	1 00
SPECIAL READING NOTICES	PER LINE, EACH INSERTION	2 00

THESE RATES ARE SUBJECT TO DISCOUNT FOR EITHER TIME OR SPACE, BUT NOT BOTH, AS FOLLOWS:

6	INSERTIONS,	OR	250	LINES,	WITHIN	ONE	YEAR	10%
13	"	"	500	"	"	"	"	15%
26	"	"	750	"	"	"	"	20%
52	"	"	1000	"	"	"	"	25%

STANDARD OF MEASUREMENT, NONPAREIL; AVERAGE EIGHT WORDS TO A LINE, TWELVE LINES TO AN INCH. CLOSES THURSDAY MORNING AT NINE O'CLOCK.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

Per year, postage free

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00	*HARPER'S BAZAR*	4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00	*HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*	2 00

Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money Order or Draft

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

GLIMPSES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

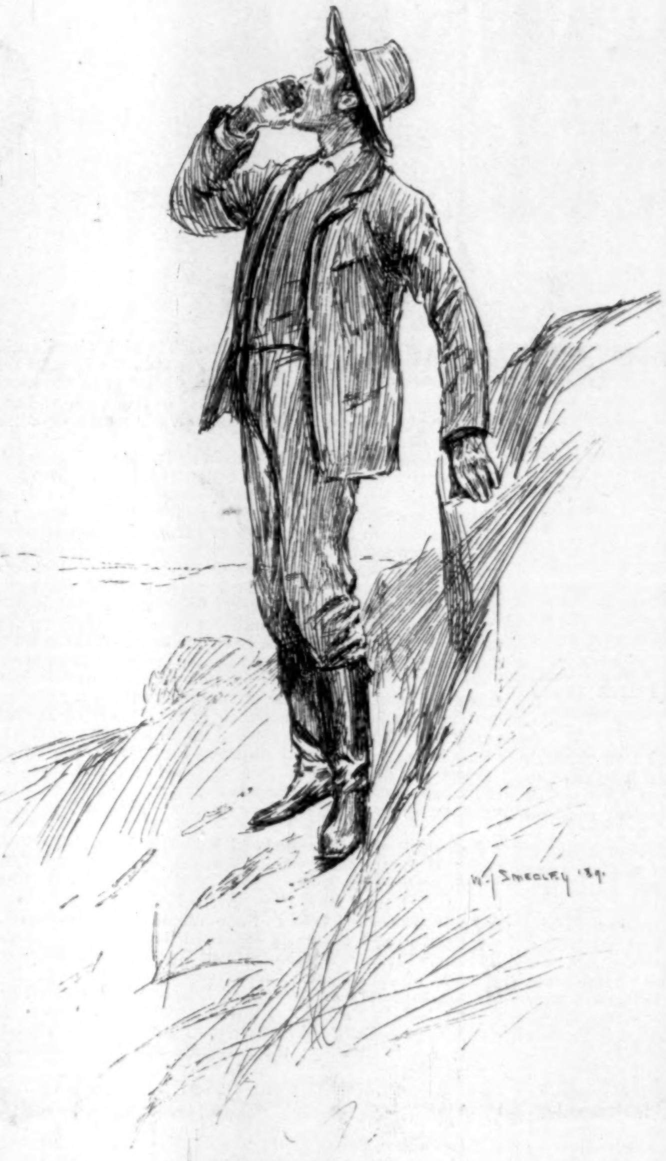
BY GILBERT PARKER.

I.

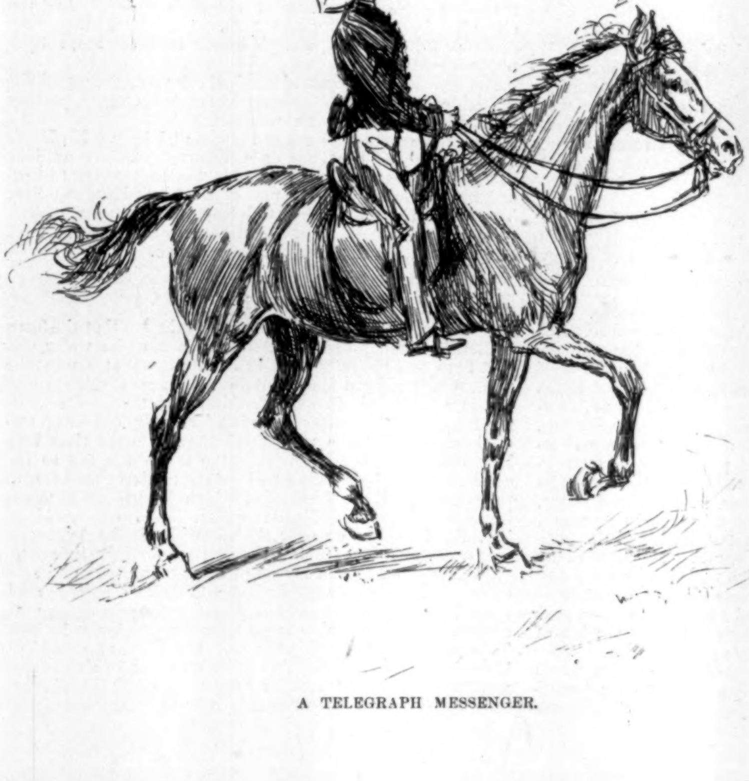
HOW shall one see Australia? This question has been answered often enough by men of culture, observation, and literary skill. But the point of outlook has been, in many cases, a metropolitan city and the cheerful comfort which a club affords. A dinner at Government House, if the traveller is well accredited, a run into the country for a couple of hundred miles, an excursion to the famous Gippsland lakes and big-tree valleys, a picnic on the beautiful Hawkesbury River, a look at Broken Hill perhaps, a glimpse of a sugar plantation, a trip to the Jenolan Caves, the exploration of Sydney Harbor—and the thing is done. But it has been done on the arc of a circle. One cannot get into a railway train at some port on the eastern coast of Australia and go across the continent, as one can in America, touching cities all the way; nor, as in Canada, fringing prosperous towns. The population of Australia is massed on the eastern and southeastern portion of the continent; and there is the concentration of wealth and commercial force. But the source of the wealth is not there, the influences really Australian, nor the special characteristics which may be recognized as peculiar to this Southern continent. The general wealth has come chiefly from wool-growing. To mining is due a tremendous impetus to settlement, momentary expansions of trade, keenness in exploration, and some special wealth. It was Australia's great advertisement, its radiation of attractiveness. It has proved its partial blessing and its accidental curse. Wool-growing and cattle-raising are its staple and reliable resources. But lest what I sketch later in this article may appear a contradiction to this, let it here be set down that the reliability of the resources is attained by the process of average. One year is not the same as another on this continent, nor one three years the same as another three years. It is therefore six years, or five years at least, on which estimation must be made. In the Land of the Golden Fleece, Loss and Destruction and violent Misfortune have Success and Bountifulness hard at their heels, and in the great average are overtaken by them. The source of the troubles that befall the Australian squatter and ranchman is an uncertain rainfall. As far as settlement goes, one-third of the country, at least, is a desert, a No Man's Land as yet, and sore perils come as encroachment on that desert proceeds. To see Australia, therefore, one must leave the spots where the clubs and comforts are, and go into the heart of this Greater Britain. It cannot be done in a day. These articles will have been the outcome of four years' travel and responsible inquiry in Australia as the special commissioner of the Sydney *Morning Herald*—the *Times* of that country.

I shall try in this first paper to make the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY see some things from which we shall be able to understand better the force of future articles.

The best of Australia is in the east. There are the large rivers, and there the possible and profitable land—the land for the many. For it must appear that there is little profit to a country at large in the depasturing of 150,000 sheep on 1200 square miles of land. Along 1500 miles of the west half of the southern coast of Australia there is but one harbor, and not one river flowing to the sea. There is no Mississippi, no Missouri, no Hudson, no St. Lawrence, nor any Lake Superior or Lake Michigan in the land. And far from the coast is no great water-shed. The river Darling, 70 feet deep one year, is a stream on which a skiff could scarcely float the next. The Warrego, the Barcoo, the Mitchell, the Fitzroy, the Ashburton, the Daly, and many others, are of the same fashion. The centre of the continent should be a land of infinite promise, like the heart of the American continent. It is a land of tested and perilous uncertainty. It is a basin, not a plateau, a vast and arid sponge that drinks up moisture at a marvellous rate, and still is thirsty. None of the rivers, save the Darling or Murray, drain any considerable extent of country. So far as the eye of the explorer could see, there were no foundations for empire. How empire is being wrung from nature, like Hercules wrestling with Death, is history that is being written on the face of the land with scars and suffering—but written. In western Australia, where nature has put her gold, she has sardonically refused water; where she has given land pastoral and productive, she has cynically withheld rain, or, as often as not, when sending it has drowned the gaping land, and submerged the town that but yesterday feverishly was praying for moisture. The broad fringe of two-thirds of the continent is bountiful and blessed, though even on this blessed margin tropical floods occur that overwhelm plantations, wreck villages, and destroy lives. The casual traveller does not, as a rule, emphasize these things. Perhaps rightly, if he thinks it pleasanter to write praise than history, to speak truly, but only, of a hospitable and generally prosperous people; of natural vigor, of sanguine effort, and of successful squatters and planters. He has been in a station homestead, but not in a selector's cabin; he has sojourned at a plantation bungalow, but not in a kangaroo hunter's humpey; he has visited the barracks of the station hands, but he has not inquired how many of them had sunk their all in abandoned homestead leases and selections, or how misfortune battened on them through their losses by flood and drought and mines and farming and wool-growing on a small scale. He does not meet the gentleman by birth and breeding kangaroo hunting and rabbit killing; he seeks not to set down how many sheep were lost in the last drought, or what ruin and desolation the rabbits have made; or how cattle and sheep, reduced by millions to starvation point, are kept alive by the leaves of the mulga and other edible scrubs. The pictures that he could draw, having known and seen these things, might not be pleasant, but they would be true. They would cause people to stop and inquire ere they held this land to be another Canaan. "A wealthy Australian" is in London as usual a phrase as "A wealthy American." There are good reasons for it. Rich Australians make England their Mecca as rich Americans do Paris. One seldom hears of a wealthy Canadian. Yet Canada is older than Australia. The difference lies in the fact that Canada has risen from a base of agriculture; Australia from a base of mining and pastoral and planting life. Canada has more homes; Australia more fortunes. The Canadian farmer, with his hundred acres and a score of cows, lives in comfort; the Australian selector lives in danger. English capital has flowed into Australian cattle and sheep runs, and the banks have stretched antennæ over the land, liable to contract cruelly now or hereafter.



"COO-EE!"—THE NATIONAL CALL.

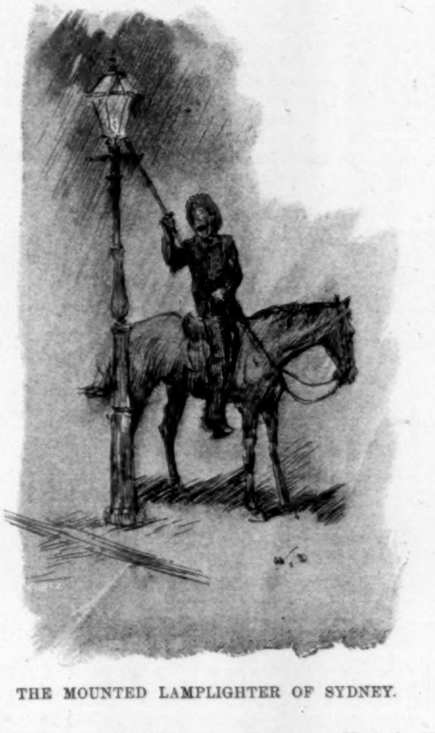


A TELEGRAPH MESSENGER.

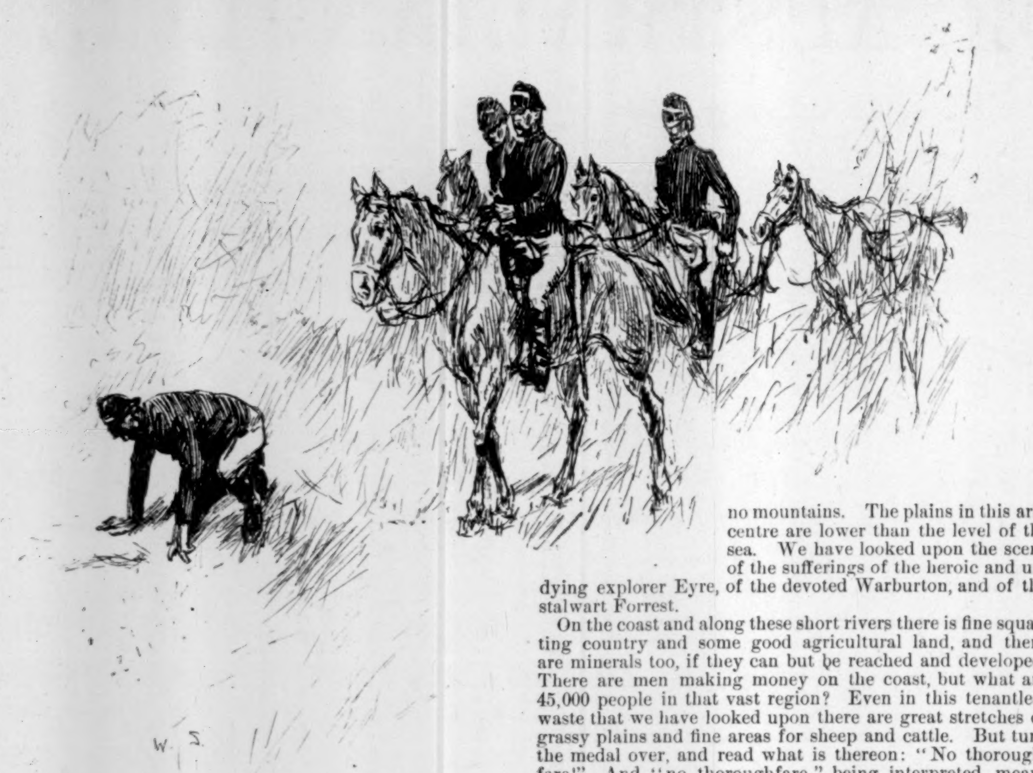
These statements are broadly put. They have reference to the general lump, not to the special section. Agriculture is not the plane on which Australian progress moves. It is incidental to the natural wealth, not of it a radical part. Australia has no Minnesota, no Manitoba, no Ontario, no Montana. From her base of pastoral pursuits and mining, with plenty of capital expended, she has naturally had a powerful and successful development. But it must be heeded that the area from which her wealth has been drawn is a larger one, and occupied by but three millions of people. Her time of trial must come too; and that will be when, her best land taken up and her population crowding, she has to face the vicissitudes of her unworked and untempting country.

Stand now with me in the centre of Australia, and let us look forth as if our eyes could scan the continent from rim to rim.

We are at Mount Stuart, where the courageous explorer Stuart himself stood and looked into the unknown lands before him. We are facing the south; we are looking upon the Great Australian Bight, where cliffs six hundred feet high beetle o'er their bases to the sea. And for a thousand miles along the Bight there is not a population of a thousand people. The enthusiastic spectator might be tempted to exclaim upon the coming time when that vast coast-line would have a wall of masts to front it. But, standing here in a waste that no man tills or will ever till or feed upon, listen to the voice of John Forrest, another explorer, coming down an avenue of twenty years: "But for hundreds of miles along the shores of the Bight no vessel could reach or lie safely at anchor." And of the land between us and the Bight—the land where the spinifex waves like ripe corn under the hard monotonous azure—let him again speak: "On our route we passed over many millions of acres of grassy country, but, I am sorry to say, I believe entirely destitute of water." But that is half a generation ago. Hear, in 1889, the voice of John Forrest, Commissioner of Lands in West Australia: "From my own observation I may safely say that the greater portion of the Eastern division is not likely to be utilized in the near future. There are no rivers in the division." Again: "With the exception of a small fringe along the coast, the Euda division is unoccupied, and, unless water is conserved, must remain so." Yet these two districts represent 635,000 square miles.



THE MOUNTED LAMPLIGHTER OF SYDNEY.

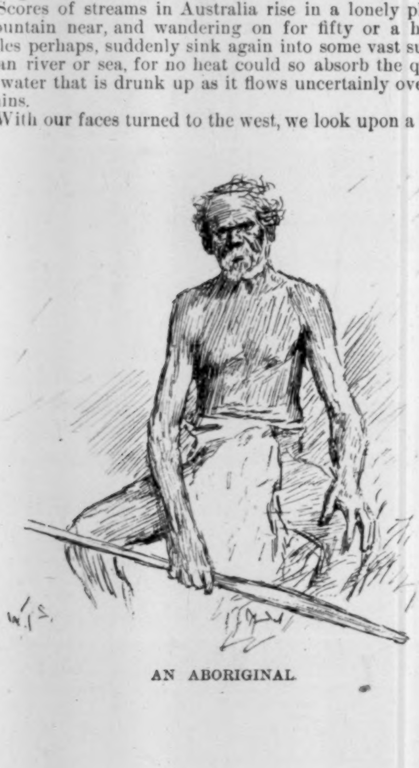


A BLACK TRACKER AND THE MOUNTED POLICE AFTER BUSH-RANGERS.

What need we of further witness? Turn now through this glamourous air, and look toward the west. There nestles Perth, a little capital on the banks of the Swan River, one of those short streams found along the Australian coast so often, and of such momentous value. We are fifteen hundred miles from this western capital, and between us and it there lies at least thirteen hundred miles of wanton waste and silence. No birds of song, no rippling streams, no ranging fields of grain, no wandering herds, no settlements of pioneers, are there. In all that 900,000 square miles of country known as West Australia there are but 45,000 people. Turn slowly toward the northwest. We are looking now upon a country tropical, yet not having that all-important characteristic of a tropical country, superabundance of rain. It is a pastoral country chiefly inside a line one hundred and fifty miles or so from the coast. A little further still and there is the Kimberley pastoral district and the Kimberley gold fields, where an earnest government is trying with artesian bore to induce nature to render up the fulness of her fountains. But water is hard to get in West Australia. Still turn until you are half-way round a circle, and are looking directly north to Port Darwin, just as if, standing in the heart of Kansas, you had begun with the Gulf of Mexico and turned slowly round to San Diego, to San Francisco, to Portland, to Helena, to Grand Forks. In that half-circle you have seen "the Arizona desert," but you have seen outside of that a watered land with great rivers, vast mountains, and deep valleys. Through every part of it man, the pioneer, can venture and reap reward. But standing on Mount Stuart, what do you see? What have you seen? Here is a railway at your feet being driven across the continent from Adelaide to Port Darwin—a railway running through a lonely, silent land, with good country at each terminus. But there is between you and the sea-wall which makes the bounds of that half-circle to your eye weary oceans of spinifex desert, endless ridges of scorching sand hills, desolating expansions of malee scrub, long samphire flats, chains of salt lakes and thirsty clay pans, mulga forests and acacia thickets, quartz plains, deceiving water holes and alkali marshes, solitary hills—rising like islands from a gray and changeless sea—sandstone bluffs and copper cliffs that project in burning menace, and but one indifferent range of mountains, which, rising nowhere beyond four thousand feet, gives birth to but few rivers.

Scores of streams in Australia rise in a lonely plain, no mountain near, and wandering on for fifty or a hundred miles perhaps, suddenly sink again into some vast subterranean river or sea, for no heat could so absorb the quantity of water that is drunk up as it flows uncertainly over these plains.

With our faces turned to the west, we look upon a land of no mountains. The plains in this arid centre are lower than the level of the sea. We have looked upon the scene of the sufferings of the heroic and undying explorer Eyre, of the devoted Warburton, and of the stalwart Forrest.



AN ABORIGINAL.

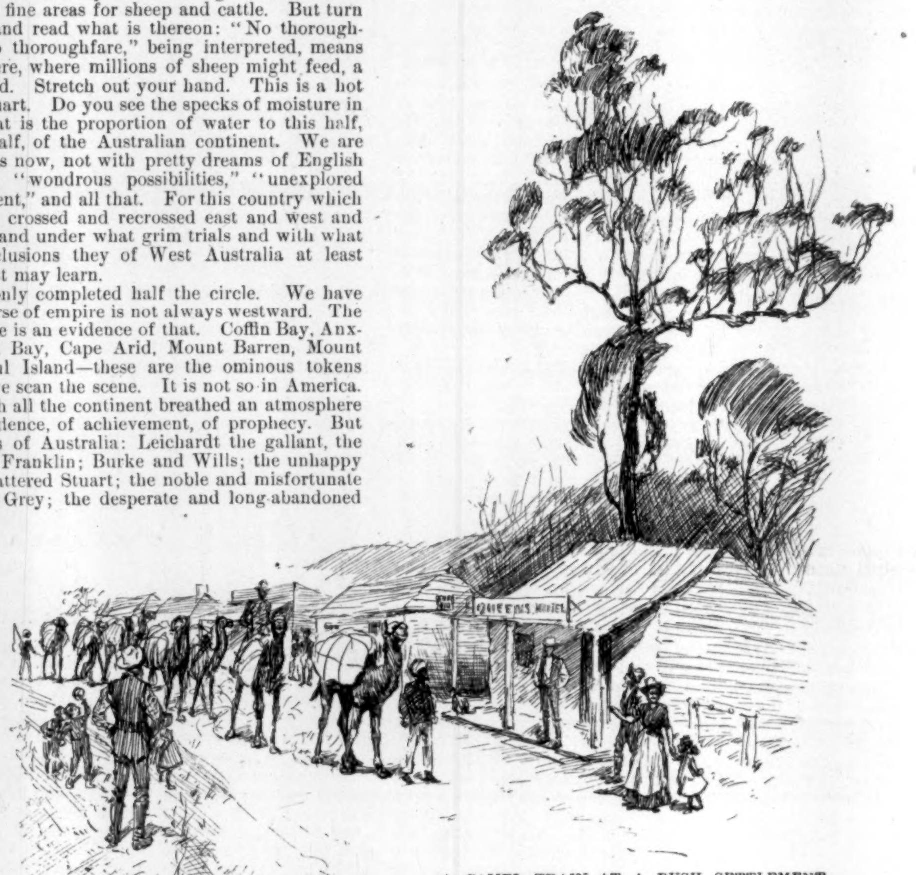
On the coast and along these short rivers there is fine squatting country and some good agricultural land, and there are minerals too, if they can but be reached and developed. There are men making money on the coast, but what are 45,000 people in that vast region? Even in this tenantless waste that we have looked upon there are great stretches of grassy plains and fine areas for sheep and cattle. But turn the medal over, and read what is thereon: "No thoroughfare!" And "no thoroughfare," being interpreted, means "no water." Here, where millions of sheep might feed, a mighty ban is laid. Stretch out your hand. This is a hot day on Mount Stuart. Do you see the specks of moisture in your palm? That is the proportion of water to this half, this more than half, of the Australian continent. We are dealing with facts now, not with pretty dreams of English politicians about "wondrous possibilities," "unexplored vistas for settlement," and all that. For this country which we see has been crossed and recrossed east and west and north and south, and under what grim trials and with what unchanging conclusions they of West Australia at least know, and the rest may learn.

But we have only completed half the circle. We have seen that the course of empire is not always westward. The very nomenclature is an evidence of that. Coffin Bay, Anxious Bay, Denial Bay, Cape Arid, Mount Barren, Mount Despair, Doubtful Island—these are the ominous tokens that greet us as we scan the scene. It is not so in America. Explorers through all the continent breathed an atmosphere of hope, of confidence, of achievement, of prophecy. But see the explorers of Australia: Leichardt the gallant, the forever lost, like Franklin; Burke and Wills; the unhappy Kennedy; the shattered Stuart; the noble and misfortunate Sturt; the fated Grey; the desperate and long-abandoned Eyre; the heroic Mitchell. Have their predictions, generally speaking, ever been discounted? They walked through suffering to anguish and death too often; they looked out on a melancholy horizon; they felt not the joy of the gallant Champlain, of the heroic Marquette, of the dauntless Joliette, and the resistless La Salle.

But let us now scan the other half-circle. It is the better half, else the case of Australia would be hard indeed. In it are all the great cities—Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane. In it are nineteen-twentieths of the population. America was settled first on the east, and the march of progress was westward, through and to a country of rare possibilities. But that would have been natural under any circumstances, inasmuch as the Atlantic coast was so much nearer the great population of Europe. Holding to this principle, West Australia should have been expanded first, since it lies nearer England by three thousand miles than New South Wales. West Australia, from the day that real settlement began in the east, has had directed toward it a great deal of energy and capital. But there she lies, with her 45,000 people and 1,000,000 square miles of land, and with but 173,000 square miles under lease for agricultural or pastoral purposes. The fault lies not in its star, but in itself, that it is so and so. But the view is fairer for us as we veer round this other and better half, beginning at Port Darwin. Flowing into the Gulf of Carpentaria are longer, deeper, and more frequent rivers than we have seen heretofore. They are not rivers as Americans know them, but streams of varying permanency and débouchement. And turned to this northeast, we are viewing a colony of striking commercial peculiarities. Queensland, like another United States, has within it two fine belts of resources. Gold and silver, timber, pastoral land, sugar, rice, cotton, tobacco, and all tropical fruits are in its north, and coal and gold, pastoral land, wheat land, and the agriculture of the temperate zone in its south. The heart of the southern half of Queensland is a high table-land, unlike any other portion of Australia, and one sees the millions of sheep grazing upon the famous Darling and Fitzroy downs—downs indeed, stretching in waving undulations to that portion of its western and southern border where its pastoral excellence is burned into the invading barrenness of western New South Wales. But look far out to sea at the east. A long, beautiful line of white foam meets the eye. That is the Barrier Reef, whose coral bulwarks range the ocean for a thousand miles parallel with the coast. Inside, it is one long harbor of peace, one stretch of summer beauty, in mountain, valley, and tropical jungle. Out at sea, even the mangrove swamp, with its deadly damp, looks cool and beautiful. But greater than the beauty of the colony is its wealth. We are scanning a plane of action 700,000 miles square in extent, and having 400,000 inhabitants—not so many as a decent-sized city of the United States, but producing wealth out of all proportion to any city.

The colony began about the same time as West Australia; but now, besides its sugar plantations, its mineral wealth, it has 13,000,000 sheep, 5,000,000 horses and cattle, and since 1859 there has been taken out of Queensland gold to the value of £21,310,947.

Turned toward the southeast, we see the parent colony of New South Wales, begun by those who labored at the mouths of guns, and who were always spoken of by those they left behind in the old land as having "gone to Botany Bay." But from that beginning, so unlike the glorious genesis of Plymouth Rock, there rises a structure of prosperous commercial proportions, a social and national dignity, that is only accounted for by the immigration of free, upright, and industrious pioneers. There Sydney lies, with its 360,000 inhabitants, and set on the margin of a renowned shore and harbor. Between us and its centralized forces, its fine architecture, and its progress, there stretch vast ranges of desolation, of weariness, and of all unprofitableness. But between this trinity of misfortune and the city is a land of plenty, too—a land from which 225,000,000 pounds of wool were exported in 1889. The river Darling, which drags its tortuous mud-banked length along, the third longest river in the world, is the boundary line of prosperity. Between Mount Stuart and where we stand and it, the earth dips. Still further south let us peer, and there we see Mount Kosciusko, with its white head in the changeless blue, Australia's one earthy aspiration of prominence. There in the south we see Victoria, the most compact, the smallest, and the most active in proportion to its size, of all the colonies or states of Australia. Agriculture, pastoral pursuits, mines, and manufacture—these are the sources of Victoria's wealth. And the city of Melbourne, lying on the shores of Port Phillip, with *its* 360,000 inhabitants, a day's march from the sea, is Sydney's august rival.



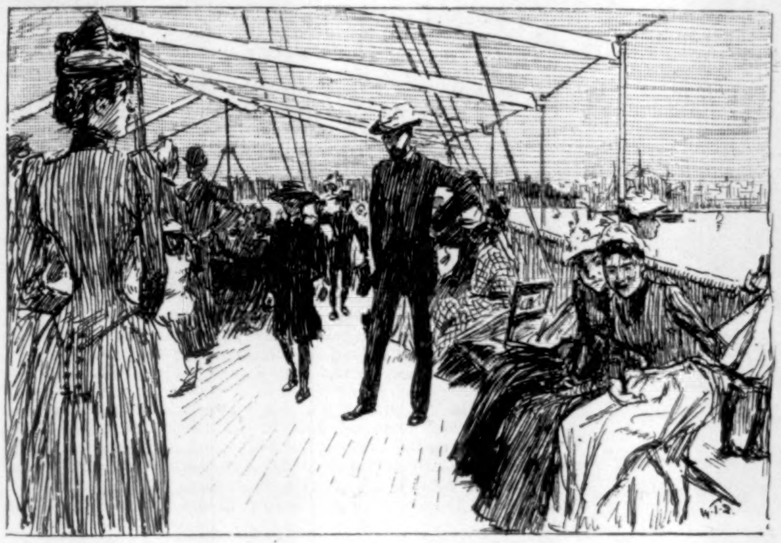
A CAMEL TRAIN AT A BUSH SETTLEMENT, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

But five degrees to east of south of our vantage-ground sits Adelaide, at the foot of Mount Lofty, hot, cleanly, prettily built, and instinct with metropolitan life.

Now have we completed the circle, and from a No Man's Land looked out to where, on a continent of three millions of square miles, the Anglo-Saxon is working westward toward his Golden Gate, and northward toward the sun-line. The reader should be ready to interpret, with a sense of proportion and conception of broad conditions, the scenario of Australian life, which here I briefly sketch.

IN TIME OF FLOOD.

A few months ago word came across the sea that the town of Bourke, among others, in Australia, was under water, and that lives and property were being destroyed at a war-time rate. On the North Queensland coast, where it rains twelve feet in a year, and often two feet in a day, the flood records are frequent. Plantations float under water, and sheep and cattle are caught in a wide death-trap. On the river Darling and in the south generally the floods are not so frequent. When, four years ago, I set out to pierce the heart of the country, and see the stuff of which Australia was made, Bourke was my first objective point. To it one could get by rail. First, we go over the Blue Mountains by the famous Zigzag, after passing the Nepean Valley, sun-swept, green, and luxurious, a region of orange orchards and agriculture. Then we descend upon a table-land, passing such typical Australian towns as Bathurst, and again down until a plain is reached where is seen the far interior at its best. This had been a flood year, and the country should be blooming, buoyant. But through long vistas of ring-barked gum-trees we pass; through a brown and silent land, broken only by the sight of towns like Byrock, where corrugated



AN EXCURSION STEAMER ON THE HARBOR AT SYDNEY.

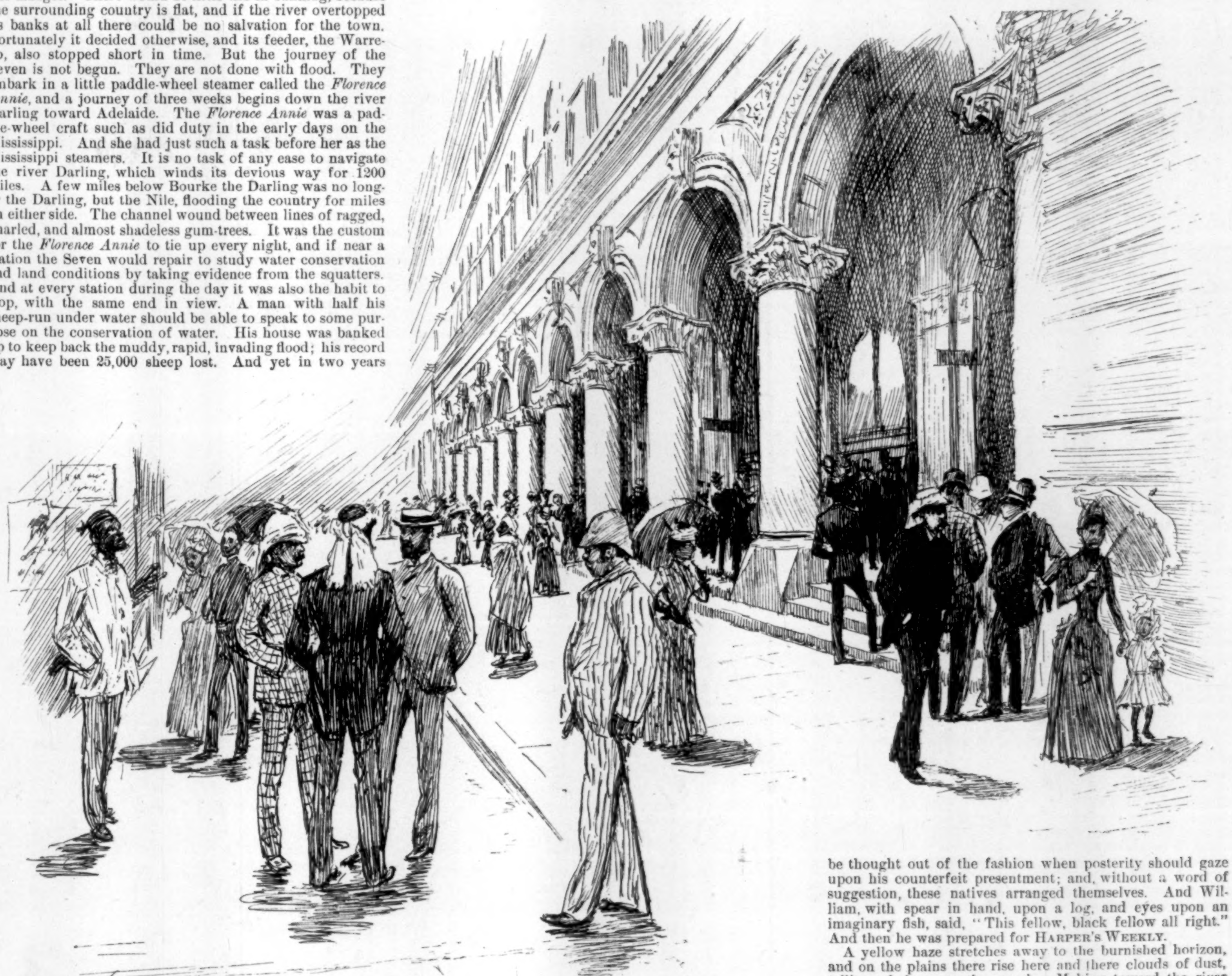
iron, canvas, and iron-bark compose the architecture. This is the first touch of the sadness in the note of Australian scenery. And it was kept up through hot and lengthy hours of travel, broken by a stop at some village or township, as it is called, setting gloomily in its red dust. A mounted policeman, a black tracker, a settler on his horse, a shearer "knocking down" his check, or a squatter in his trap would occasionally give a little life to the scene, but the prevailing feeling was one of melancholy. Yet over this melancholy area hundreds of thousands of sheep were depasturing and doing well.

I had been travelling with a Royal Commission whose duty it was to make inquiry into the question of water conservation. It was my good fortune to receive an invitation to travel in their company, since I was going in their direction. Because of this I altered my plans somewhat, and determined to follow where they led. The Royal Commissioners, the secretary, two reporters, a photographer, and myself constituted the party, and we seven looked out upon Bourke one Sunday evening as it rose from the scrubby plain, and with apprehensive eye beheld the river Darling, which was aflood, and was debating whether to rise four inches more and flood the streets. Had it done so portions of Bourke would have been floating down toward the Barrier Ranges. There would be little use in banking, because the surrounding country is flat, and if the river overtopped its banks at all there could be no salvation for the town. Fortunately it decided otherwise, and its feeder, the Warrego, also stopped short in time. But the journey of the Seven is not begun. They are not done with flood. They embark in a little paddle-wheel steamer called the *Florence Annie*, and a journey of three weeks begins down the river Darling toward Adelaide. The *Florence Annie* was a paddle-wheel craft such as did duty in the early days on the Mississippi. And she had just such a task before her as the Mississippi steamers. It is no task of any ease to navigate the river Darling, which winds its devious way for 1200 miles. A few miles below Bourke the Darling was no longer the Darling, but the Nile, flooding the country for miles on either side. The channel wound between lines of ragged, gnarled, and almost shadeless gum-trees. It was the custom for the *Florence Annie* to tie up every night, and if near a station the Seven would repair to study water conservation and land conditions by taking evidence from the squatters. And at every station during the day it was also the habit to stop, with the same end in view. A man with half his sheep-run under water should be able to speak to some purpose on the conservation of water. His house was banked up to keep back the muddy, rapid, invading flood; his record may have been 25,000 sheep lost. And yet in two years more his record might be 60,000 lost by drought. Seldom has traveller had such opportunity of studying a country as that afforded the Unofficial One of the Seven, who listened for hours daily or nightly to the tale of the squatter and selector. It was always the same monotonous evidence—the plaints against hard land conditions, treacherous climate, and the everlasting iteration, "*This country is in the hands of the banks.*"

The Seven saw occasionally flood and wreckage give place to broad bright plains carpeted with the gayest colored flowers—velvety, waving, and abundant. Flocks of wild turkeys fed in the grass, masses of wild ducks tempted the rifle from the bow of the boat, congregations of bright-plumaged parrots and cockatoos quarrelled in the trees; the stately birds the native-companions gracefully performed their gay quadrilles upon the flowery track; and an occasional troop of kangaroos galloped from us, tail and hind legs at work, horizonward. And not the least interesting thing was the dance of the native-companions. They deliberately and with regular form go through a kind of quadrille or Circassian circle in a manner that suggests a different origin for man than the ape.

The waters of the Darling flow moodily on to the far-off coast in the sensuous gloom of the evening. On its either side fires are feebly flickering in the jarrah and myall trees, and disturbed cockatoos are flitting across the night. Figures pass and repass through the brighter glare of one side; a barge is drawn close in the shade of the trees, and from an open door where the light is brightest there comes the sound of machinery. We draw nearer, and see the hydrostatic presses working upon the wool, the busy workmen sewing up sacks, and others bearing them down to the waiting barge. Day and night are they laboring, that the full plenitude of this fortunate year may come to the getter of wool. The hammer of the commercial Thor beats here, the pulse of success palpitates. In the game with nature, man has won this season. The shearers have ceased. They will not work at night. They must preserve the dignity of labor—the renown of the Shearers' Union. The long shearing shed is empty, where all day threescore of shearers have shorn at the rate of a pound a hundred; and many have earned their pound. They are to be found now in the barracks, where through the lurid glare of the slush lamps there comes the sound of a knuckle struck on a table, and a voice saying, "Count two"; "A royal flush;" "I'll trust to the ace;" "The game!" This is life half Arcadian, half barbaric; a touch of Perdita, and more than a touch of Sechet. On this side of the river is the wave of Anglo-Saxon progress that everywhere swells against "the high shores of this world." But across the river we are in a land measurelessly far from that in which we stood a moment before. We stand before a dying race. Aboriginal Australia holds here its sorry court. This remnant of a once powerful tribe sit outside their gunyahs, and cower over their handfuls of fire, imperturbable and awfully alone. Once its warriors were the slayers of the white men; once they hurled the spear and the axe, and fought hand to hand with the nulla nulla, and whirled the whizzing demoniac boomerang. They are victims of a policy of reprisal, of "dispersion," of an unwritten word which went forth from high places—"Disperse the aboriginal." Like dogs they fell everywhere; like dogs and jaguars so many of the tribes were. To creep on the shepherd or bushman and drive a spear through his body; to drag him away; to celebrate the hateful thing by a fiercely dramatic scene in which the bloody deed was acted over again with a hideous mirth; to eat the victim; and then to close with a wild corroboree—this was their life. But it was not the life of these southern tribes, though they suffered with the rest. Destruction came upon the men, and destruction and worse upon the women—and here they are!

After two weeks' journeying we came upon another camp of these aborigines. One week's journey back we had seen King Jemmy of Mara and Queen Polly under the hands of the photographer. King Jemmy and his court were in mourning for some of their people. About their heads were twisted white cloths, and some had filled their hair with lime or flour to express the intensity of their grief. But this scene before us suggests nothing of that gloomy thought that comes with an outlook upon a fading people upon whose lands another race have made replevin. At Ned's Corner, on a point of land where the myall and willows were swaying, an aboriginal camp was set—long low bush houses of woven twigs and bark, with spears and boomerangs stuck here and there in the sides. Fires were burning, on which the Murray cod lay stretched and hissing, while the flesh still quivered with the life not yet extinct. Naked and not ashamed, the old men, gray-bearded and eyes bright, watched the cooking of the fish; and the younger, with the lubras, did the honors of reception. I never saw a more dignified, graceful, leonine figure than William as he moved about with swaying, stately stride, emphasizing his great good-humor by a long, low, two-octave chuckle, winding up with the ever-present "Oh my word!" The photographer had nothing to suggest when it came to posing. The old men drew blankets round their shoulders; William arrayed himself in European garments, that he should not be thought out of the fashion when posterity should gaze upon his counterfeit presentment; and, without a word of suggestion, these natives arranged themselves. And William, with spear in hand, upon a log, and eyes upon an imaginary fish, said, "This fellow, black fellow all right." And then he was prepared for HARPER'S WEEKLY.



THE POST-OFFICE AT SYDNEY.

A yellow haze stretches away to the burnished horizon, and on the plains there rise here and there clouds of dust, telling of sheep on the march. Making toward the river Darling is a herd of a thousand cattle. They have come nine hundred miles down and over the plains from Thargomindah and beyond, in Queensland. They must cross the river. As the Unofficial One rides near, he finds them rounded up,